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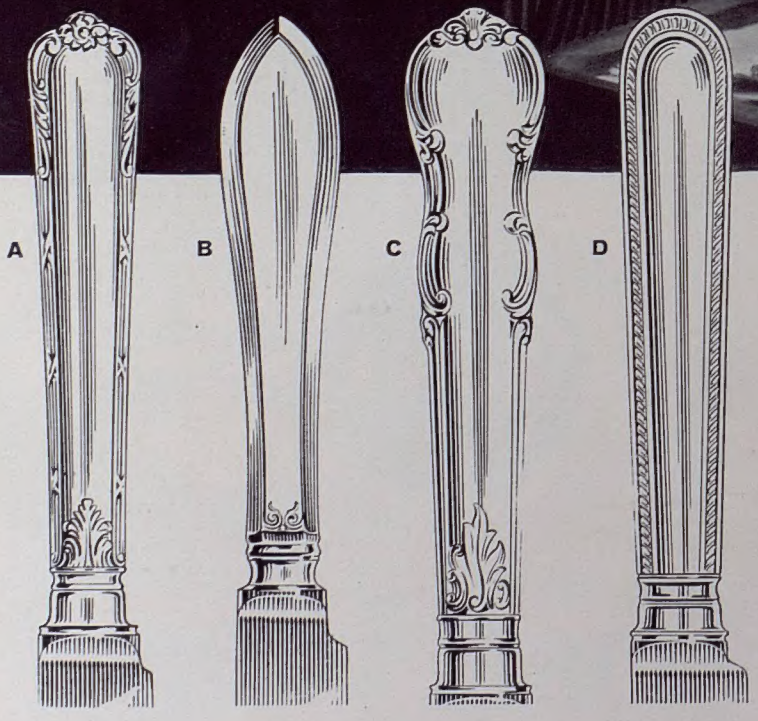

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Volume CCLIV No. 3292 LONDON, July 6, 1963

THE SPHERE

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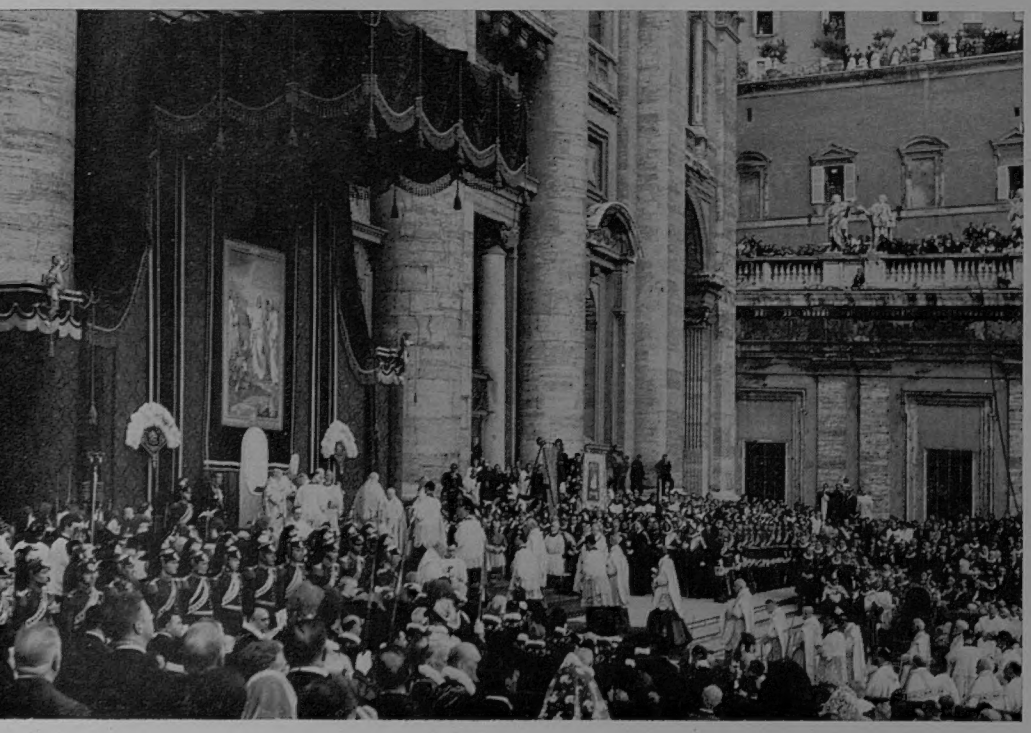
Herr Brandt, the Lord Mayor of West Berlin, points out places of interest to President Kennedy as they drive through the city. With them is Dr Adenauer. The welcome given Mr Kennedy by the West Berliners was even more wildly enthusiastic than his reception earlier in Bonn and other West German cities. From Berlin he flew to Ireland for the "family stage" of his tour. Next on his programme was meeting Mr Macmillan at Birch Grove (see also pages 7 and 8)

DRIVING IN TRIUMPH IN BERLIN

CORONATION OF POPE PAUL VI

Pope Paul VI is carried in his chair through the densely packed St. Peter's Square in Rome for his coronation. Over 300,000 gathered to watch the ceremony

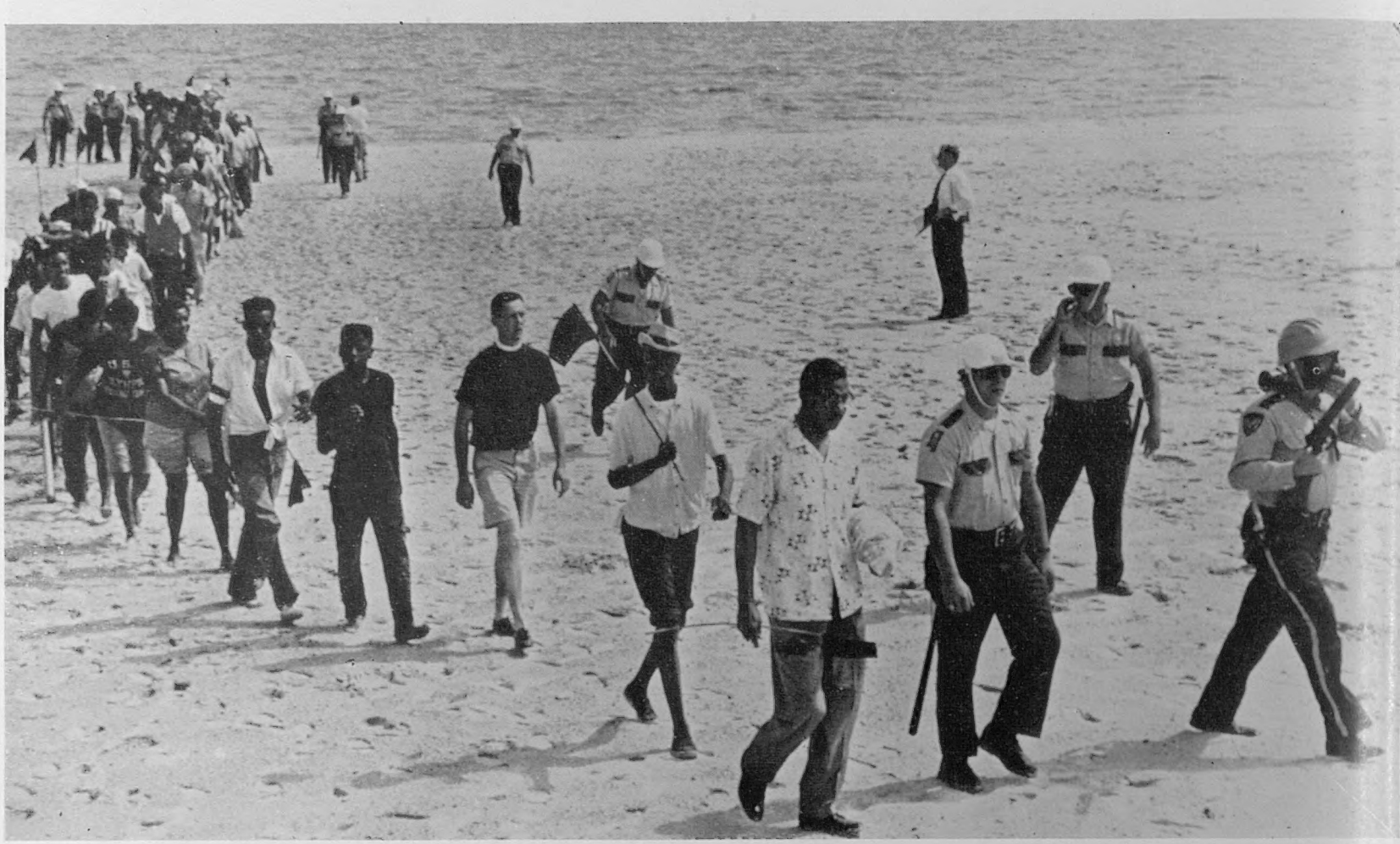


Seated on his throne on the steps of St. Peter's the Pope receives the homage of the Cardinals

The moment of the crowning by Cardinal Ottaviani

His Holiness wears the crown in the procession at the end of the coronation service. In his discourse he spoke of his desire to carry on Pope John XXIII's policies

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

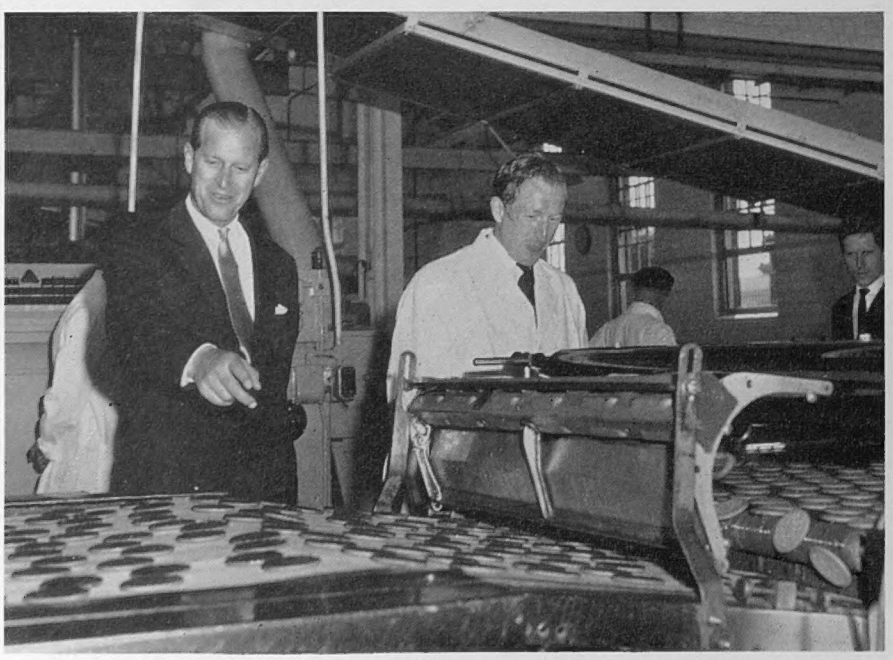


Domestic crisis in the United States

A column of negro and white demonstrators, 65-strong, is led off the beach at Biloxi, Mississippi, by police. They were arrested while trying to stage an anti-segregation demonstration on the beach last week. There were other demonstrations in the U.S. as President Kennedy's omnibus Civil Rights Bill went before Congress

Chocolate biscuits for Prince Philip

The Duke of Edinburgh watches chocolate-coated biscuits being produced at the factory of McVitie and Price Ltd. at Harlesden. Following his visit last week, Prince Philip accompanied the Queen to Scotland. She was to attend the service in St Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, when Sir Robert Menzies was installed as a Knight of the Thistle



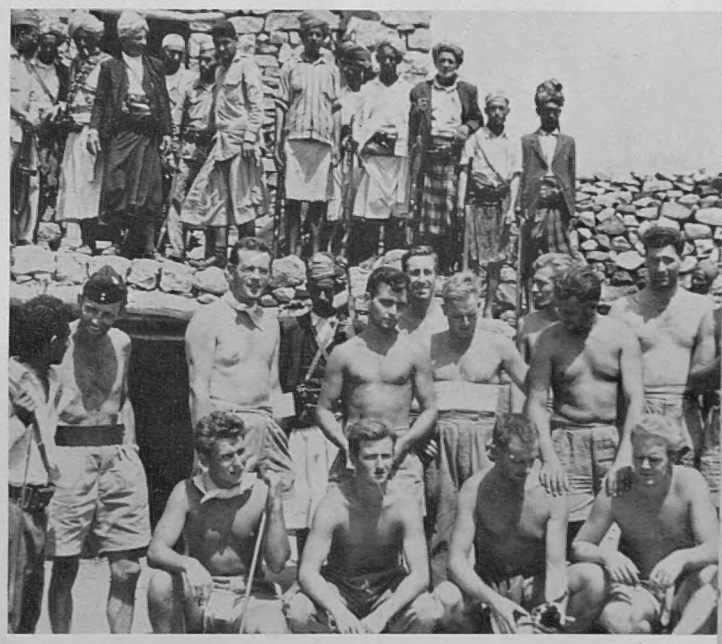
The Bolshoi arrive in London

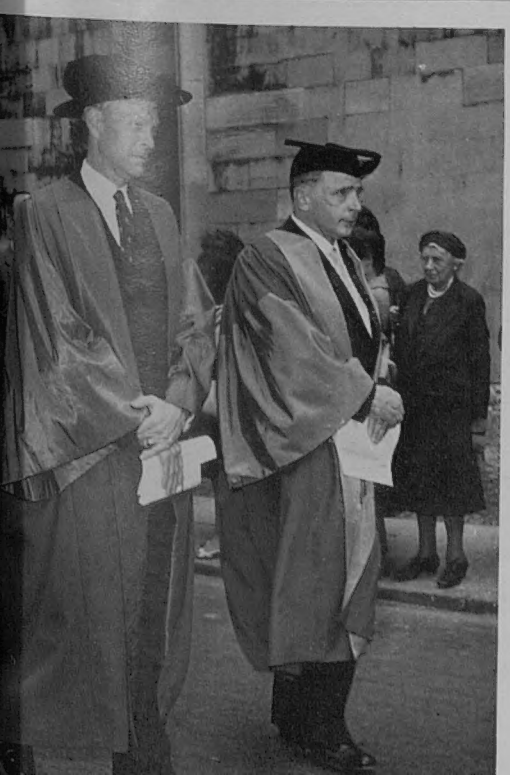
Leading dancers with the Bolshoi Ballet, Raissa Struchkova and Maya Plisetskaya, arrive from Moscow with other members of the company. The Bolshoi opened their month-long season at the Royal Opera House with *Swan Lake* on Monday. Other full-length ballets in the programme are *Cinderella* and *The Little Hump-Backed Horse*

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

The funeral of a war-time leader
The gun-carriage carrying the coffin of Field-Marshal Viscount Alanbrooke approaches St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle. The funeral, was held last week. Viscount Alanbrooke, who died at the age of 79, was Chief of the Imperial General Staff for the major part of the Second World War

British Captives in the Yemen
In a desert fort armed tribesmen of the Yemen guard the British soldiers taken prisoner by them on the border. Two have since been released for medical reasons. Late last week the remainder were moved at gunpoint to Taiz, on the orders of the Egyptian officers who had joined the tribesmen





Honorary Doctorates at Oxford
General Lauris Norstad (left), former Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, and M Jean Monnet (right), the French economic planner, walk in procession from the Sheldonian Theatre in Oxford, after receiving honorary Doctorates of Civil Law at the Encaenia

A revolutionary house of plastic
Mr Harold Wilson is shown the wall of an all-plastic house by Mr R. W. Evans, a director of the company which has developed the house. Mr Wilson was visiting the 1963 New Homes Show, Central Hall, Westminster, last week

NEWS SUMMARY

Divisions and differences in creeds and parties

6 **Communism**

In spite of the expulsion of five Chinese from Moscow, it was understood at the opening of this week the Sino-Soviet ideological talks would begin in the Soviet capital as scheduled on July 5. The Chinese were expelled for distributing copies of Pekin's letter of June 14 to Moscow (not hitherto published there) setting out 25 points China wanted to discuss at the talks. During the weekend accusations and insults were exchanged between the two capitals. At the same time Mr Khrushchev was in East Berlin in an attempt to counter the impact of President Kennedy's tour of the West Sector. He was reported to be meeting the leaders of all the European East Bloc countries, except Rumania, as a prelude to the Sino-Soviet discussions.

In Yugoslavia Marshal Tito, prophet of the third form of Communism—Titoism—was re-elected President of the country. He has already held this office for ten years.

Great Britain

The hearing of the vice charges against Dr Stephen Ward in Marylebone Magistrates' Court occupied the headlines last week. It was expected to be completed by Wednesday of this week. To some extent the hearing obscured the deep political crisis in Britain. Last week Mr Macmillan in a television interview said that he hoped to lead the Conservatives into the next General Election. It was understood that this caused surprise, and possibly consternation, among sections of the Conservative Party. Tory back-benchers in the Commons appeared to have fallen into three groups—those who wanted Mr Macmillan to resign more or less immediately; a larger group who thought that he should make way for a younger man some time this summer; and his out-and-out supporters. Mr Wilson, the Leader of the Opposition, seemed to be supporting Mr Macmillan in his apparent determination to stay on. It was believed the grounds for this were that the Labour Party would have more cause to fear a younger, more dynamic Conservative leader.

Mr Joseph Godber became the new Secretary of State for War. He may be the last as such, since his office should disappear in the reorganisation of the Defence Ministry.

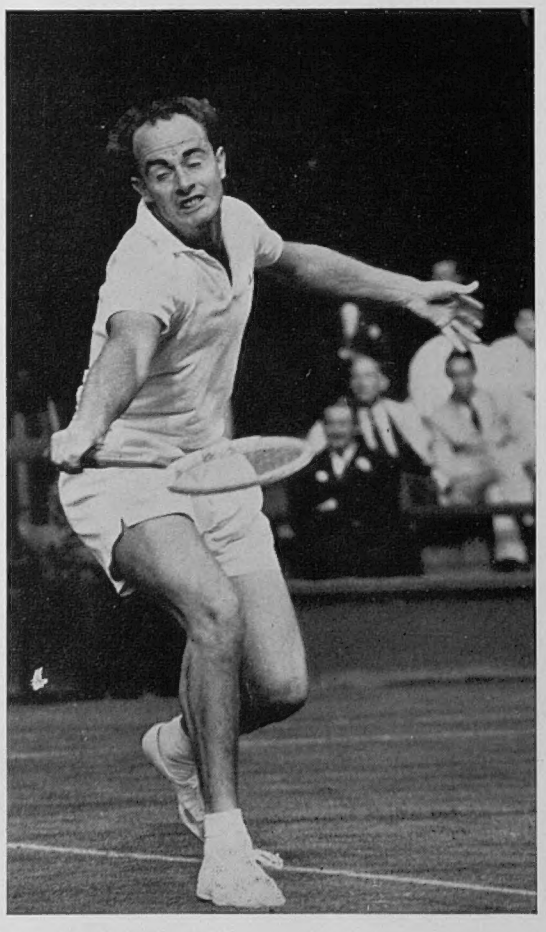
British Guiana

Dr Jagan, the Premier, stated at the weekend that he had conceded most of the demands made by the Civil Service Association in Georgetown. Once the Civil Service returned to work the ten-week general strike was likely to end, but there were still daily clashes between strikers and police at the end of last week. The trade unions' aim of disrupting the economy to bring down Dr Jagan's Government had been frustrated by the importation of flour and petrol from Cuba.

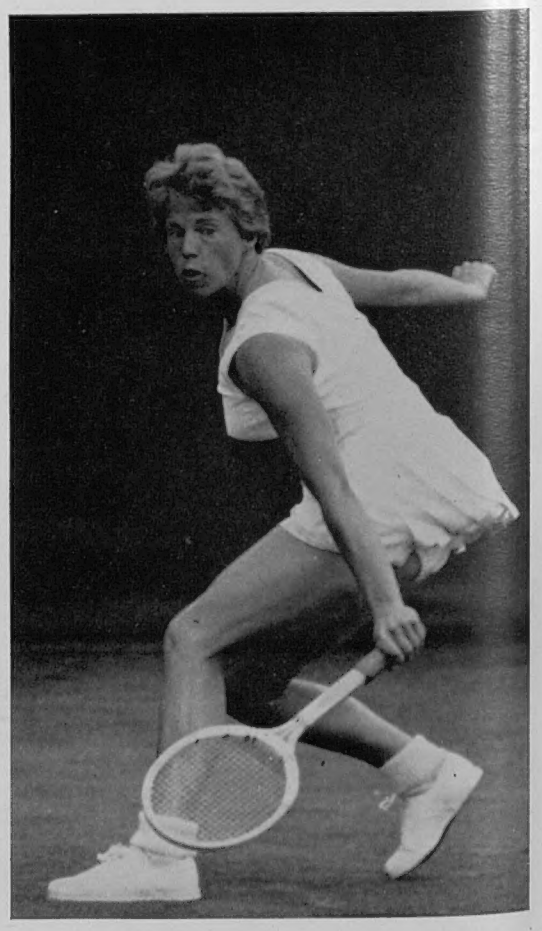
Zanzibar

The Sultan, Sir Abdulla bin Khalifa, died last Monday after an emergency operation. He succeeded his father in 1960. (*Zanzibar, see p16.*)

Mr Field, Southern Rhodesian Premier, at the talks to end the Central African Federation at Victoria Falls



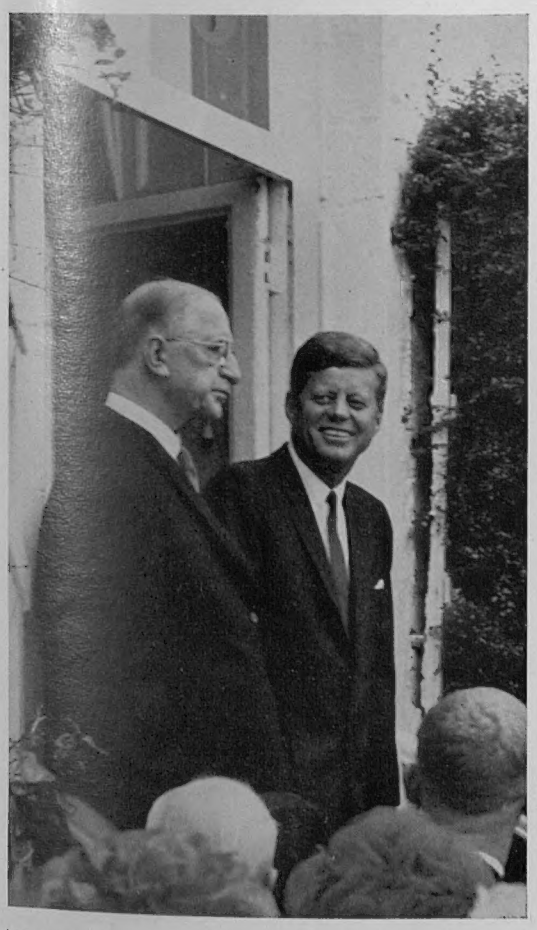
At Wimbledon the only British player in the quarter finals of the Men's Singles was R. K. Wilson



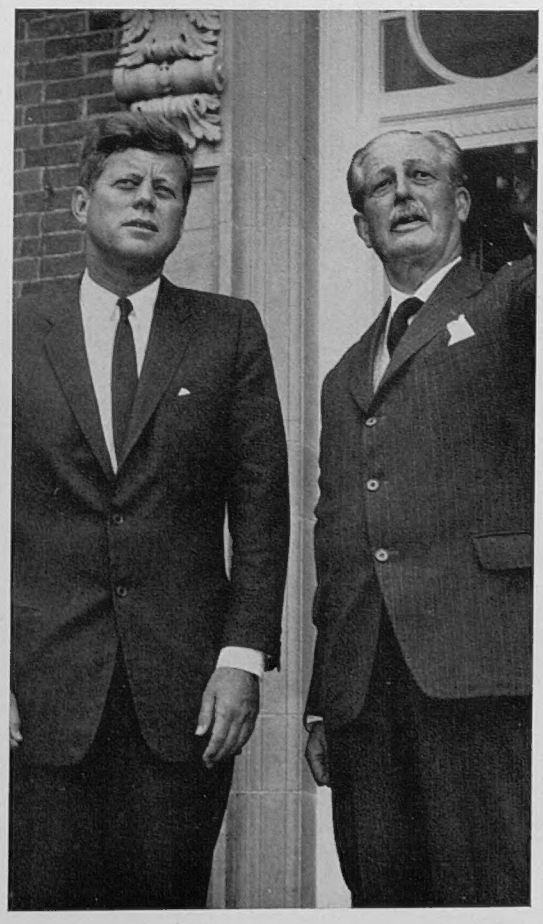
And in the Ladies' Singles, Mrs P. F. Jones was also the sole British tennis player in the quarter finals

THE KENNEDY ROUND

President Kennedy is hemmed in by a boisterous crowd in Cork. In receiving the Freedom of the City he spoke of Ireland's "only one export—the people"



With Mr de Valera, President of the Irish Republic, at an evening garden party which was held in Dublin



Mr Macmillan and his guest outside Birch Grove, the scene of their Anglo-American discussions

Britain had only the most limited opportunities of welcoming President Kennedy during his brief stay with Mr Macmillan at the Prime Minister's country home, Birch Grove, in Sussex. But crowds turned out early on Sunday morning to see him drive to and from Mass in nearby Forest Row. As he came away from the church Mr Kennedy broke away from his security guards and shook hands with as many onlookers as he could.

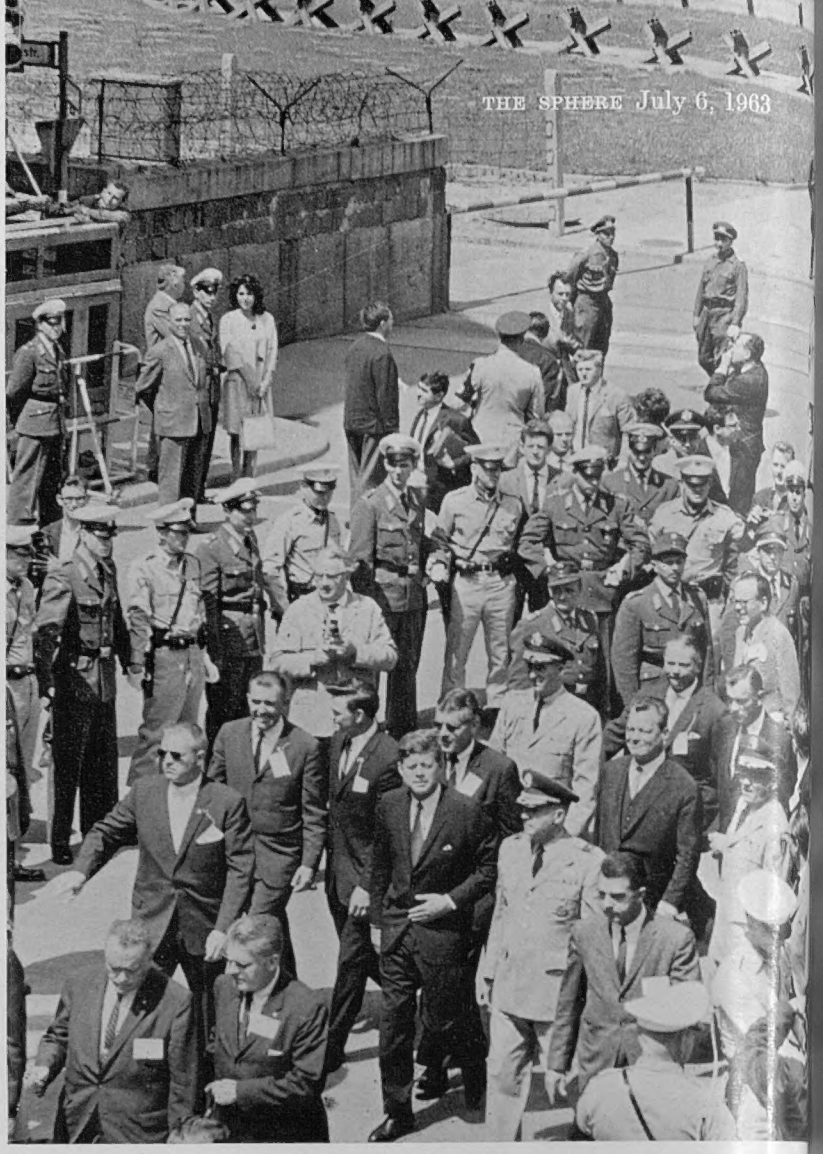
The main subjects of the Kennedy-Macmillan discussions were hopes for a nuclear test ban and the Nato multilateral force. Regarding a ban, both leaders were fully agreed that a greater effort than ever must be made in the forthcoming Moscow talks to achieve something practicable and permanent. (The talks between Britain, America and the Soviet Union, at Ministerial level, start in Moscow on July 15.) On the American proposal for a Nato mixed-manned force of Polaris surface vessels, no definite decision was reached.

In Ireland President Kennedy spoke to the Dail in Dublin, but for most of his Irish trip he was in lighter mood and was accorded the welcome due to a local boy who has made good. By contrast, in Germany, he was serious, climaxing his stay there with his great speech in Berlin "*Ich bin ein Berliner.*" The Italians had their chances of greeting him in the first days of this week. (*Further pictures overleaf*)

THE KENNEDY ROUND

continued from page 7

President Kennedy speaks to a vast crowd outside the Town Hall in Frankfurt



The leader of the Free World at Checkpoint Charlie in West Berlin

The President and his party look over the wall to the Brandenburg Gate, draped in red flags to block the view. In front is a Communist propaganda placard

JOHN CONNELL

WHISTLE-STOP TOUR—1963 VERSION

It was in defiance of a considerable volume of criticism at home that President Kennedy set out on his rapid and spectacular tour of Europe at the end of last month. The racial integration issue and its attendant threat of violence and conflict seemed to many of his supporters, as well as his opponents, to make the President's presence in his own country, and at the focus of authority, little less than imperative, and his absence a potential cause of increased difficulty, if not disaster. Their fears were by no means ill-founded; but to exercise leadership on the President's plane, and with his aims in view, is (in General Wolfe's phrase) "an option of difficulties." Mr Kennedy, once having given any task its priority, tries not to swerve from it until he has accomplished what he has set out to do. He is a very resolute man; he has a great deal to do and too little time to do it.

In the list of priorities worked out for his European trip the place accorded to the United Kingdom may seem low, and the time spared verging on the minimum that courtesy required; and to someone like myself, conscious of the value of personal and traditional loyalties, it was an added source of regret that, because the President chose to go to Birch Grove last Saturday, Mr Macmillan had no hope of joining his Balliol brothers, in what the late Lord Curzon described as a beano, to celebrate the 700th anniversary of the College's foundation. Fireworks, we were told, were to be let off after the supper party in the Master's Field. By the middle of last week, however, it looked as if there might be fireworks of a different kind breaking the quiet of the summer evening at Birch Grove.

There is a big chunk of political high-explosive lying about called Multilateral Force or MLF—the mixed-manned Nato nuclear fleet—and on Tuesday of last week Colonel Alan Gwynne-Jones, that formidably knowledgeable Defence Correspondent of *The Times*, then in the United States, announced with a grim insouciance that MLF was to be the main subject under discussion at Birch Grove.

There was then a curious sequence of events. *The New York Times* reported that the United States Government, in view of the attitude of Italy as well as of Britain, had decided that the idea of MLF was to be put in cold storage for a time. On the same day, in a foreign affairs debate in the House of Lords, Lord Montgomery reaffirmed his view that it was "poppycock" and went on to make a slashing attack on Nato with that mixture of recklessness and realism which does not endear him to the pompous, the timorous and the woolly-minded.

There can be no doubt whatever that the Americans are still very much in earnest about it. Any postponement must be regarded as tactical, despite the fact that expert British opinion has hardened against the whole idea. Just before the Lords debate Mr Alastair Buchan, of the Institute of Strategic Studies, delivered, in a letter to *The Times*, a closely reasoned and powerful attack on it, ending with a protest against our committing ourselves "to multilateral control of an irrelevant force on ambiguous terms." The Prime Minister faced a stern array of naval authorities—Lord Carrington, Lord Mountbatten and Sir Caspar John—in the Cabinet room at Admiralty House; and later on the same day Mr Butler, under some pressure in the Commons, achieved one of his masterpieces of unspeak: "We have accepted the concept, but we have not accepted British participation." This is the kind of semantic play which those of us who have encountered Mr Butler under another hat, as Secretary of State for Central African Affairs, find as baffling as familiar.

Straightforward pressure

By contrast the Americans are refreshingly, if somewhat astringently, forthright. Their purpose in pushing MLF is perfectly clear: they are convinced it is essential to retain in American hands—specifically those of the President—the ultimate operational decision, to use or not to use a nuclear weapon, in defence of Western Europe; they have recognised the full and disastrous implications of escalation; there is, they have come to see, no

President Kennedy, President Lubke and Dr Adenauer are together in the Villa Hammerschmidt in Bonn

difference (if it comes to a major head-on conflict) between conventional and nuclear weapons, or "tactical" and "strategic" nuclear weapons; and their experience in the Cuban crisis last autumn has strongly reinforced these views.

Therefore, in conformity with the harsh logic of the present balance of power, they insist that, since it is politically most inexpedient that Western Germany, which they regard as their most important, most reliable and most vulnerable European ally, should possess its own independent nuclear deterrent, it is just as unnecessary—militarily—and just as dangerous that Britain should retain hers; and France's go-it-alone policy they regard as a suicidal expression of *folie de grandeur*. Western Europe must be defended, they know, however great the risk; and the President was speaking with complete sincerity when, addressing at Frankfurt a big gathering of the contemporary West German "establishment" (than which there is none glossier, none more outwardly self-assured), he said "The United States will risk its cities to defend yours, because we need your freedom to protect ours."

The President's triple purpose on his European trip—apart from the pious pilgrimage to the ancestral cabin, which is even more important to the Kennedy myth than the West Highland croft used to be to the Macmillan myth—has been to knit West Germany as closely as possible into the reconstructed and reinvigorated framework of the Atlantic Alliance; to bring Britain firmly to heel, by a combination of political, financial and moral pressures; and to show General de Gaulle that splendid isolation does not work.

It would be unjust in the extreme to assume that the motive underlying this policy is a desire for power entirely for its own sake. I have long been sure that it is just because they have the deepest and the widest practical experience of—as well as a welter of academic, war-game theorising about—nuclear war that the Americans are determined to do all they can to prevent its outbreak and thereafter, in a matter of minutes probably, its swift and fearful escalation. The prospect of any other nation, or group of nations, crossing the nuclear threshold in the next few years, before it has been possible to work out with the Soviet Union some practical, worldwide scheme of multilateral disarmament, alarms them. There is now quite a queue jostling up towards that threshold; and soon some very menacing hardware is going to be at the disposal of rulers and regimes which, on their record, can hardly be classed as endowed with much sense of political responsibility, much maturity and much restraint. I think that the Americans have every right to be apprehensive lest either the Chinese People's Republic or the United Arab Republic—to name the two outstanding would-be queue-jumpers—begins to pile up an atomic armoury before an effective system of prevention, investigation, detection and control has been agreed amongst the present limited membership of the nuclear club.

The President's programme, on this plane, is practical and far-sighted, even if it does imply some undoubtedly tough talking to and rough handling of old and once-valued allies, particularly Britain and France. For myself I doubt whether we in Britain have much right to loud protest, for these are the arguments we have offered and these are the techniques we have employed in our rough handling not merely of our allies, but of our own relatives, our brothers and cousins, in East and Central Africa; and we must in honesty concede that what is sauce for the Rhodesian or Kenyan goose is equally sauce for the Whitehall gander.

But the President is young enough to be susceptible to bold dreams, and underlying his practical programme is a more diffuse, long-range purpose. He is an American fascinated by the idea of union, as those other Democrats, F.D.R. and Woodrow Wilson, were similarly fascinated in their time. To him the two great wars which shattered European hegemony over large parts of the world were "civil wars," like that which a century ago caused his own country so much agony; from their wreckage and suffering he looks forward to a greater union than any yet known, embracing Western Europe and North America.

13-15 John Adam Street, London, WC2

10 **"No place for Mr Creevey"**

What remains to say a fortnight after every combination of words has been used to comment on the Profumo debate? Nothing, I think, but an obituary for an old party, lately dead. "The curtain had gone down; and on the new stage that was preparing for very different characters and with a very different style of decoration, there would be no place for Mr Creevey." So it was that Lytton Strachey ended his sketchy little sketch of Thomas Creevey. His words ring today, far truer and more aptly for an old-fashioned type of Tory Premier and for the Tory party as we have known it. Long since, I have hammered on at this —perhaps *ad nauseam*. A century and a half ago it was possible to govern the country from a gambling club in St James's and from great country houses, and to do the job on the principles of "what is cricket", which obtained in the governing class of that day. Since then democracy has marched on, and ever since the end of World War I it has been clear to me that this nation, while still accepting that it must be governed, has grown determined that it must play a larger part in how it shall be governed and by what men and by what creed. I have often wondered why the influence, such as it was, of the "Cliveden set" in the 1930's had so little warning for future right-wing Governments. The morals of the big wigs in that set were unexceptionable. Their judgment of international events was deplorable. It was clear to me that even then privilege and the notion of a "governing class" was dead. Mr Attlee saw it and in a new-style Premiership exercised a closer and austere control over his Cabinet and cut down the pomps and the privilege, including the broadcasting of hereditary titles, to suit a new conception of democratic government and of democracy. Mr Macmillan did not. In his defence in the House on June 17 he defended successfully a charge never brought against him—his honour. He failed to defend successfully his fitness to lead a Cabinet under the political and social conditions and ideas obtaining in the 1960's. For his own ideas were still firmly entrenched in "the good old days." No one can possibly deny that he has "played cricket" according to his beliefs and shouldered with courage an intolerable burden of responsibility. But he has had a sad effect on his party's future. There can never again be a Tory Government like his. God send there can never again be another such debate in Parliament as on June 17.

The last of his line

Poignant and strange it was that, while the Premier was being crucified in the Commons, the pomps and vanities of privilege were in procession to St George's; for no Premier since Disraeli has been more loyal to preserve them all than Mr Macmillan. He has never seen that in the 1960's democratic government must not only be done (and he has certainly endeavoured to do it) but must be seen to be done by *all* sections of the community. It is there that his failure lies. His industry, his loyalty, his patriotism are no more in question than his honour; yet he is the last of the Tory Prime Ministers in a tradition which is gone forever. For my part I feel no enthusiasm for being governed by the present shadow Cabinet. I should feel far happier under a Conservative Government (which no doubt at all will one day govern us again)—a "new model" forged from the party's acceptance of all the bitter and humiliating lessons of Profumo week. It is inevitable that the next Tory Premier to hold office must show himself to be a leader of men dedicated to the most solemn mission of exercising moral control over the nation. That process of reforging will indeed begin during what is left of the present Parliament, and I sincerely hope Mr Macmillan will choose, in his own and his party's interests, the most appropriate time to retire. I believe it would be best for our country if that new model could show its paces in 1964. But I do not expect to live to see it at work. As I write, the Profumo affair has faded just a little from the headlines. After all, the misfortunes of the Tory party bulk in this tragic history larger than do those of an individual minister. Men pass, institutions remain, always provided that they move with the times. The Mother of Parliaments can, when she chooses, still set the world a fine example of restraint and dignity.

To sum up

There are, as Lord Shawcross told the Commonwealth Press Association recently, "evil men in all parties" and in all circles, and many of us can thank our lucky stars if we have not been publicly exposed. He was far from questioning the right, the duty, of the Press to be vigilant and to expose proven deliction. He added (what is true) that it is easier to be critical than to be correct, and he could not concede that all sections of the Press in the recent past had proved their right to cast the first stone. Therein, I think, lies the pith and aptness of Macaulay's ridicule of the British public "in one of its periodical fits of morality."

Adopted by the Borough of Finchley, the Tribal class frigate HMS *Tartar* sails under Tower Bridge in the Pool of London

Above: Lord Wakehurst, Prior of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, at the Lectern during the Order's service in St. Paul's Cathedral in London
Left: A midsummer festival of folk dancing on Tower Hill. Teams of English folk dancers staged displays of country, morris and sword dancing. Afterwards many spectators joined in
Below: Elected as one of the Sheriffs of the City of London for the next year, Alderman Gilbert Samuel Inglefield, director of Inglefield Group Ltd., at Guildhall. Also elected in the ceremony last week was Mr Gilbert Harold Edgar, chairman of the H. Samuel group of companies. They take office on September 28

Those fits are too rare. Lax moral standards in society at large and our tolerant, complaisant attitude towards them—our general cynicism—condemn the nation as much as the individual or the Government. In Byron's day those moral standards in educated circles were lower than they are today, and Byron was a child of his age whom destiny offered up as a scapegoat for a nation's complaisance. He was found out, and numberless men and women who took up stones to pelt him relied more on their luck than on their fitness to do so. But life's justice is rough justice and I judge that it is "wise sometimes to advertise the fact that the wages of sin are often very high."

All alone in Brittany

In a drive from St. Malo to St. Anne-la-Palud via Lamballe, Mur de Brétagne and Chateaulin—perhaps 240 kilometres—often along minor roads, the thing that struck me with astonishment was the lack of traffic. We drove slowly, stopping when it suited us, and throughout the journey we met or passed not a single British car. Often, even on main roads, we might drive for a couple of miles without meeting a car of any sort. There is much to be said for travelling on admirable roads in a country whose density of population is so much lower than our own, and whose scenery compares so favourably with the best to be found in Devon or Cornwall. It comes as a surprise to me that so few tourists seem to choose Brittany in early June where the season is in advance of our West Country, and it is roses all the way and a wonderland of wild flowers on the banks of the lovely rivers, on the dunes that border miles on miles of smooth white sands. which in early June are practically deserted, except at weekends. Brittany, I think, if laid over the map of south-western England would about equal the area from Brighton to Plymouth, north to Barnstaple, east to Reading and back to Brighton. Its population is about three million and only at Rennes is one conscious of the existence of "other people," or indeed of motor cars, in early June. In that area of S.W. England (leaving out London, from which countless cars stream out to the West every weekend) there are the vast populations of Brighton, Portsmouth, Southampton, Plymouth, Reading and so on. Small wonder to read of traffic chaos at Exeter by-pass from May onwards!

Where taste and simplicity survive

There is certainly a lot to be said for studying density of population and early holidays in planning one's own. Density of population suggests all kinds of speculations. Why is it that in Brittany, which offers many absolutely first-rate hotels, the vast lonely beaches of pure white sand are left unvulgarised and *au naturel*, defaced with no esplanades, bars and glaring advertisements? Does density of population bring the speculators and "improvers" or vice versa? Perhaps there is more to it than that. It is possible that the million Bretons in Brittany's three million population retain not only some vestige of native taste and tradition but still play a part in central and local government, and that it is to that million that Brittany owes its extraordinary freedom from the vulgarity and uglification of its coast resorts, from which Southern England suffers so terribly. The Bretons are certainly not primitive. Their roads, their hotels, are a great deal better than ours, and their good taste and gaiety are examples to shame us out of our vulgarity and drabness. Instance the coloured fishing fleet at Concarneau. By the end of June the foreign tourists arrive in Brittany. Many of its hotels do not open till July, do not expect invasion in June. But June in Brittany may be the sweet of the year, and if there be any English tourists who would enjoy that lovely country "all to themselves," I advise them to go there in early June, not later in the year, and have the glorious roads and beaches to themselves.

The Old Stager

Joan (Joan Plowright) faces her inquisitors. **Below:** At the Dauphin's Court. Foreground are Gilles de Rais (Terence Knapp); La Tremouille (Peter O'Shaughnessy); and the Dauphin (Robert Stephens)

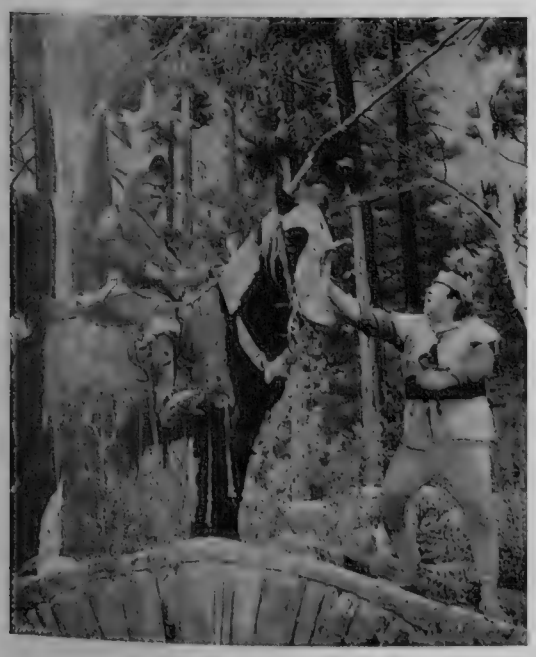
ST. JOAN

The second Chichester Festival got off to a flying start last week with its new production of Bernard Shaw's *Saint Joan*. Other plays to be seen in this exciting new theatre, with its flexible arena stage, are *Uncle Vanya*, a revival of last year's big success, and the first production of a new play by John Arden called *The Workhouse Donkey*. Many critics applauded Joan Plowright's performance as Shaw's heroine, ranking her with the creator of the role, Sybil Thorndike, and Siobhan McKenna. Using a flat Northern accent, she convinces the audience that she does come from the land from whence she draws her strength. The open stage is deployed by the director, John Dexter, to open up this epic, which contains much talk and little action. Others in the cast include Max Adrian, Frank Finlay and Anthony Nicholls.

CINERAMA FAIRY TALE

Yvette Mimieux as Grimms' dancing Princess

Robert Foulk and a heavily disguised Laurence Harvey in the fairy tale of the Cobbler and Elves. **Below:** Terry-Thomas and Buddy Hackett in The Singing Bone, and Russ Tamblyn to the rescue



Laurence Harvey as Wilhelm, one of the two brothers Grimm, and Claire Bloom as his wife

London's second Cinerama cinema, following the Casino, is the converted Coliseum. It will open on July 15 with a Royal Gala premiere, to be attended by Princess Margaret, of *The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm*. In order to match the vast size of the Cinerama screen, producers have found the solution in the omnibus film. This one is no exception. The framework consists of the story of Wilhelm and Jacob Grimm and their long struggle for recognition. Inset into this are three of their fairy tales, The Dancing Princess, the Cobbler and the Elves and The Singing Bone. Other Grimm characters, like Hansel and Gretel, also make their appearances. Filmed on location in Bavaria, as well as in the MGM studios, this huge, colourful picture is obviously one for the school holidays. It is co-directed by Henry Levin and George Pal. In its short history Cinerama has made great technical strides. This latest film in the medium obviously exploits as much trick photography as possible.

THE NEW AUSTRALIANS

14 There is little sign of a lessening in the greatly increased number of people in Britain wishing to emigrate to Australia. Long queues are still forming at the migration inquiry counter in Australia House, in London. The migration department is having personal or postal inquiries at the rate of 1,000 per day.

The upsurge began last August, usually a quiet month for migration inquiries and applications because it is a holiday period. The build-up continued steadily to the end of the year. In January this year applications were received from 33,000 people to emigrate. In February there were 36,000 applicants. In March the figure had dropped to 30,000, and in each of the last three months there has been a further slight drop.

Figures for those who actually emigrated are: July 1, 1961, to June 30, 1962, 30,000 under the Assisted Passages Scheme and 9,000 paying their own fares; July 1, 1962, to June 30, 1963, 42,000 and 11,000 paying their own fares. Most of those listed as paying their own fares will have taken professional or executive jobs and their fares will, in fact, have been paid by their employers.

There seems to be a variety of reasons for this desire to leave Britain for Australia, ranging from habitually bad weather to fear of unemployment, although few of those who apply are actually out of work. Obviously a great attraction is the Assisted Passages Scheme. Under it any approved adult can emigrate to Australia by sea or air for £10. Children under 19 travel free. Thus a family of two adults with eight children can fly by normal jet service for no more than £20 cost!

Any British citizen can apply to emigrate. Main qualifications are good health and good character. Individual applicants and all members of a family are seen personally by one of Australia House's Interviewing Officers, some of whom travel round the country for this purpose. Their aim is to select a cross-section of society, but the greatest need is for professional and skilled men and women. It usually takes from six to eight months from time of application to emigration. The controlling factor is the availability of passages by sea or air.

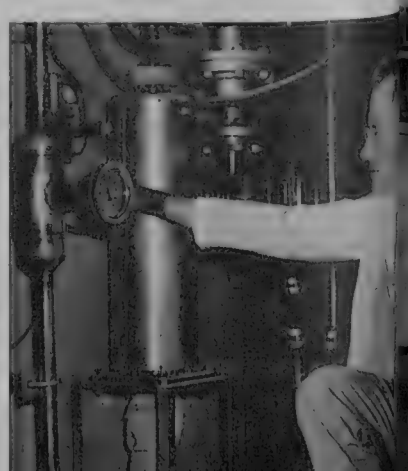
How many emigrants go back to Britain? A survey made over five years showed that nine per cent. did so, usually for personal reasons such as a relative in Britain needing their care. Of this nine per cent. two-thirds wanted to return to Australia and half of them actually did. Assisted Passages are not given a second time except in the case of those who were children under 19 for their first trip and have passed the age of 21 when requiring their second journey.

The British represent about 50 per cent. of the annual quota of emigrants from Europe to Australia. The remainder come from many of the Continental countries.

A party of emigrants board a jet airliner at London Airport to fly to Australia. Under the Assisted Passages Scheme the cost to each adult is £10

Elwood, near Melbourne, has one of the many beaches in Australia which are ideal for children. **Below:** Mr Ludwig Pier and Mrs Diana Harrison (right) point out Sydney's features to newly arrived emigrant Miss Marlene McCaffer, from Coventry

Mr Williams, from Notts, is a sports master in Tasmania. **Below left:** Constable White, of Beenleigh, Queensland, from Glasgow, with Fire Chief Moore from Middlesbrough. **Below right:** Mr Morgan, chemist from Kent, in Sydney



The items in " The Voice of Commonwealth " are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of " The Sphere "

In London. The Archbishop of Canterbury outside St Paul's Cathedral with, on his left, the Most Rev. George Appleton, after he had consecrated him Archbishop of Perth. Others are, from the left, the Bishops of Rockhampton and Gipsland, the Archbishop of Melbourne and the Assistant Bishop of Coventry

IS THIS A RECORD ?

Donald Kilby, aged 13, of " Muddut," near Cootamundra, holds a gigantic mushroom. He discovered it on the farm of his father, Mr Gordon Kilby, which is halfway between Sydney and Melbourne. The dimensions of the mushroom are: diameter, 17 ins.; circumference, 49 ins.; height, 4 ins.; weight, 6 lb. 1 oz.; height of stalk, 6 ins., and of complete mushroom including stalk, 10 ins.; diameter of stalk, 5½ ins. Mr Wal Kirley, of Cootamundra, who took the photograph, wonders whether it might not be a World Record

In Perth, The Oxenburghs, formerly of North London. **Below:** Peter Zeidler, from Germany, and his wife, from the Isle of Wight, run a garage in Wollongong

The Hunt family gather round the letter-box in the garden of their home in Brisbane. Mrs Hunt is from Sheffield. **Below:** Mr Bob Holmes, of Bondi Apex Club in Sydney, gives local information to Mr and Mrs Neil O'Donnell (left) and Mr and Mrs William Haggerty. Both couples had emigrated to Australia from Glasgow

TOWARDS FULL INDEPENDENCE

Recent photographs of Zanzibar by J. Allan Cash

16 In Zanzibar and Pemba, elections begin on July 8 to elect a government expected to lead the islands into full independence. As a prelude to this, Britain formally handed over responsibility for internal self-government on June 24.

These developments come 73 years after the Sultan of Zanzibar placed his territories under British protection. The Sultan's palace was the scene of the swearing-in ceremony of the self-governing cabinet. Its eight members were sworn in by the Chief Justice, the Sultan, His Highness Seyyid Abdulla bin Khalifa, and the British Resident, Sir George Mooring. Thousands of people lined the waterfront outside the white castellated walls of the palace and listened to the ceremony relayed to them by loudspeaker. In the blue waters of the bay the British frigate *Loch Alvie* fired a 21-gun salute to mark the islands' achievement. Of the messages received, the first came from Mr Duncan Sandys, Commonwealth and Colonial Secretary, on behalf of the British Government, extending best wishes for the islands' prosperity and well-being. A significant message of congratulation was received from Mr Jomo Kenyatta, Prime Minister of Kenya—significant because it illustrates the interest shown by the mainland countries in the political development of Zanzibar, separated as it is from the Tanganyika coastline by a channel only 22½ miles across at its narrowest part. After congratulating the Prime Minister of Zanzibar, Mr Kenyatta urged, "Now full speed to independence."

Independence must precede the integration of Zanzibar with the proposed East African

The Sultan, his eldest son Prince Jamshid, and the Resident, at the swearing-in of the cabinet

Clove-growing, Zanzibar's principal industry

Federation, to be composed of Kenya, Tanganyika and Uganda. The leaders of these countries are anxious to establish the Federation before independent economies and public services crystallise too far.

The public holiday on June 24 was not attended by any great public celebration; the elections were too near and politicians too busy.

The fruit market in Zanzibar. A very wide range of tropical fruit is sold here

Asian women in saris walk towards the end of the long winding thoroughfare which is the main street of Zanzibar

The Beit-El-Ajaib, the 'House of Wonders', where the government radio station is situated

One of the narrow streets, with ornate doors, typical of Zanzibar

TOWARDS FULL INDEPENDENCE

continued from page 17

A village typical of inland Zanzibar. Latest population figure for the Sultanate is 307,000

The Sultan's Palace, where the new Cabinet was

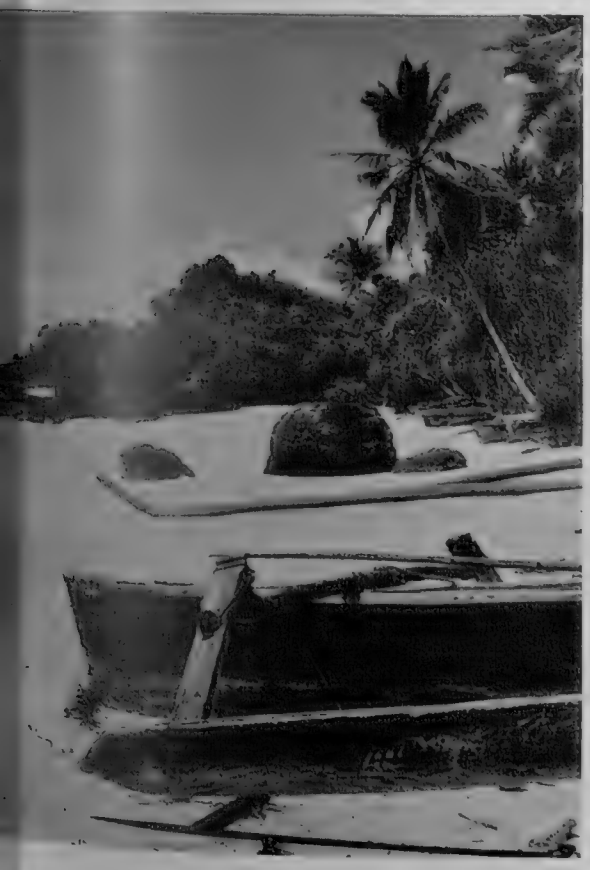
A boy cycles by the High Court of Justice in Zanzibar. Bicycles are a common form of transport

The bathing beach at Mangapwani. The to

aterfront sw[illegible]s round to a dock area. In an East African Federation Zanzibar would be an important port

Boys climb palms with ropes between their ankles

Doorway of the mosque given by the Aga Khan



great but there is only one hotel in Zanzibar

A government teachers' training college. Two years ago there were 76 primary schools on the islands

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

BIRDS IN RESIDENCE

20 The beginning of July may strike you as a little late in the year to be writing about last winter. But the fact is that it is only now, four months after the end of the really cold weather —for the snow still lingered, a thin white line, on the northern side of the hedges and the frost was deep in the ground until well into March: hereabouts the ponds were still iced up on the 9th—that one can form some fairly firm assessment of the effect of that very severe winter on our resident bird life.

Recently our local paper reported a meeting in Hampshire at which a plea was made for the inclusion of the bullfinch in the list of fully protected birds on the ground that it was now so uncommon that further shooting of it might bring about its extinction. With one exception everyone at that meeting seemed to be in agreement about this. The one exception said that he had more bullfinches in his garden and his orchard than he had had for years! The point is worth remembering. We see only what is immediately beneath our noses. I do not know what has happened elsewhere in the country—I do not think that a full report has yet been published—I can speak only for my immediate neighbourhood and particularly, of course, for our own property, which includes a small wood, some scrub, and two paddocks.

We have always had bullfinches, nesting and throughout the year. A pair were close about the cottage during the really hard weather when there was deep snow: but there are none now. The last time I saw them was at the beginning of February. And there are none in the immediate neighbourhood. On the other hand, the cold winter seems to have acted as a tonic for the greenfinches: we have many more than usual and they come to the bird tables in small parties. We still have our hawfinches: and neither the chaffinch nor the house sparrow has suffered in the least. Blackbirds and mistle thrushes are as plentiful as ever, and the tits as ubiquitous as ever.

There is another side to the story. A wren nested in an open-fronted box fixed to the wall of the hut in which I work, and brought off her family successfully. But this seems to be the only pair of wrens in the neighbourhood. Last summer there were plenty of wrens: this summer all my neighbours remark that there are none. Robins are certainly less plentiful. I have not worked it out, but I should doubt if there is more than one pair to the acre around here now. If the blackbirds and mistle thrushes have done well, the song thrush has suffered severely. Right through the spring and early summer I rarely heard a song thrush, and I think (but am not quite sure) that there is only one pair in the garden.

Some other birds, besides the bullfinch, have disappeared altogether. I have not seen a long-tailed tit this summer, though a small party of them often came to one of the bird tables in January. But most surprising (at least to me) is the green woodpecker, the yaffle. All three woodpeckers, the green and the two spotteds, greater and lesser (the pied and the barred), nest with us. The spotteds are still with us—there are more pieds than usual—but the yaffle has gone. No longer does the wood ring to his laughing cry, no longer does he search the lawn for ants, driving that powerful beak deep into the turf. It is not just that they have left our wood. The yaffle is a bird much beloved by countrymen, and all my countrymen friends around here are remarking on its total disappearance. I have never thought of the green woodpecker as delicate —but there can be no escaping the conclusion that last winter was altogether too much for it.

A blue tit and a nuthatch feeding. Photograph by Eric Hosking

Feeding the birds

But there are compensations. I am one of those who feed the wild birds throughout the year. I have bird tables close to the windows and scrap baskets, nut cylinders, fat bells and seed-hoppers hanging up all over the place. Naturally, last winter I stepped up the feeding a great deal and the birds became very tame. Some of the blackbirds and some of the house-sparrows did not even bother to get off the tables while I put down fresh food, and some of the blue tits would fly to greet me and would settle on my shoulders. Among the uncommon visitors to the bird tables—I mean uncommon on bird tables, not uncommon as birds—were jackdaws and jays. Indeed, until last winter I had never seen a jay on a bird table. The nut cylinders were, of course, put up for the tits. One of them hangs within a few inches of my window, yet it was not long before I had greenfinches and nuthatches on this cylinder as well as the tits, and none of them bothered when I stood in the window right by them.

To my delight this tameness has continued. True, the birds no longer stay on the table while I put down fresh food and the tits no longer fly to my shoulder, but they move only a yard or two away. They are no longer really wary. They still come to the nut cylinder just by the window. This is becoming very popular and costing me a fortune in nuts, for now the house-sparrows and the chaffinches have copied the tits and the greenfinches and the nuthatches. The sparrows are not yet very good at it, for they can only balance for a moment or two on the little wire platform at the foot of the cylinder; but they certainly make the most of that moment.

Now, of all unbelievable things, there is another visitor to the nut cylinder—the jay. I did not see him when first he came, but my wife tells me that he stood on the bird table eyeing the cylinder from which the greenfinches and tits had departed when he appeared, and then suddenly flew at it. He hit it too hard, so that it swung violently and he could not maintain a hold. I feel sure that that must have been the first time, for now he is as expert as a tit. Now he clings to the nut cylinder while we stand only a few inches away and takes no notice of us so long as we do not move our hands. Move a hand and he is gone.

Of course, I shall have no peas. But I shall buy them gladly.

SEVENOAKS v KING'S, ROCHESTER

Sevenoaks run an easy single in their home match against King's School, Rochester

Sevenoaks, on their home ground, were put in to bat by their visitors, King's School, Rochester, on a soft, easy-paced wicket. The opening batsmen did not allow the bowlers to strike a length and after 30 minutes' batting 50 runs were on the board for the loss of only one wicket. Chaudhri showed that he was prepared to hook anything pitched short. The Rochester opening bowler, Bower, began to bowl accurately and deceptively, varying his pace off the wicket. He claimed the wickets of Martin, Palmer-Jones and McGavin, and just before luncheon had Chaudhri caught after he had scored 54. After the interval, the Sevenoaks batsmen regained control, and the score reached 180 before they were all out. Symes scored 46. Bower ended with 6 for 62 in 23 overs.

In the hour before tea, Rochester made 39 for three against the steady bowling of Symes and Vizard. After tea, the Sevenoaks spinners came on and the visitors collapsed. Ham ended with the remarkable figures of ten overs, eight maidens, four runs and seven wickets. Supported by good ground fielding and catching, he bowled to an accurate and tantalising length. Rochester were all out for 71, leaving Sevenoaks the winners.

A Sevenoaks wicket falls. **Below:** P. W. B. Coulson (Rochester), top scorer for his side with 18

Sevenoaks go out to field—K. Eastwood, J. M. Woodhead, T. A. McGavin, K. J. Vizard, J. R. Symes, A. J. H. Martin (captain), R. W. Palmer-Jones, J. W. B. Parkin, M. D. Holroyde, Z. A. Chaudhri and R. J. Ham

King's, Rochester, take the field—D. W. P. Lucas, M. Chick, M. R. Jarman, J. M. Thackray, R. E. Anderson, R. K. Nickels, R. I. Bower, P. W. B. Coulson, C. R. Godfrey (captain), R. S. Funnell and P. C. S. Wetherell

NORTHAMPTON

A view of the 15th green at the Northampton Golf Course which lies within the boundaries of the Borough

L. G. Hasdell (Secretary). R. Beirne (Captain)

Putting on the 18th green in front of the clubhouse. The course is most varied in its layout.

Northampton Golf Club was founded as long ago as 1893. It now boasts a playing membership of 450, with lady members included. The special position of the club within the Borough of Northampton, not to mention the special qualities of the clubhouse premises, explains to those new to this club its great popularity. The clubhouse is reached by several local bus routes. Players and visitors who arrive by car will find ample parking space, as this has recently been extended. Though meals may be obtained only if ordered, the bar and lounge facilities are much enjoyed. Outside, the course is one of the most varied in this part of the country. The first four and last three holes are played over a series of curious hills and hollows offering golfers interesting experiences with all types of lie. Though the other holes are found to be more orthodox, no mean skill is required to obtain par figures, particularly as the openings to some of the greens are rather narrow.

R. D. Purser (left) and D. O. Mitchell

Keith Andrew, the Northants cricketer, driving off

GABOR DENES

YACHTING

The Poole Bay Olympic Classes Sailing Regatta. **Above:** Flying Dutchmen class yachts close in on a turning point marker buoy. **Below:** Dragon class yachts with billowing coloured spinnakers

An unprecedented amount of international catamaran racing activity will be seen in the Thames Estuary this season. I understand that although it is too early to assess the number of entries, great interest is shown by many countries in the International Catamaran Week to be organised by the Catamaran Yacht Club of Sheppey between August 17 and 24. This will be open to all catamaran classes, as well as unclassified craft, racing in the IYRU international A, B and C divisions. At the time of writing, firm entries have already been received from West Germany and Belgium. From France, M Paul Adam intends to bring a proa type of boat, while an American entry is likely in the international C division. Paul Elvstrom, the great helmsman, is coming over from Denmark to race a borrowed Shark class cat., and possibly two Australian boats will race. Enthusiastic members of the Catamaran YC are hoping for about 100 entries, but the Rear Commodore, Mr A. C. H. King, was more cautious when I spoke to him, and he expects at least 50 entries. This is the first time the "Week" is to be held, and the club has the assistance of strong sponsors.

The RYA Council has just announced that the 1963 One of a Kind Catamaran Series will be held from September 1 to 6, also under the burgee of the Catamaran YC. This means that, after a week's rest, competitors in the Catamaran Week will be able to continue racing in this event. The timing is of especial advantage to foreign entries. Prizes will be given in the international A, B and C divisions as in previous years. The RYA Council regards this as an excellent opportunity for designers to test their prototypes.

The Chapman Sands SC, holders of the International Catamaran Challenge Trophy, have invited the Thorpe Bay Yacht Club to stage the series for the challenge from the Australian Catamaran Association issued in conjunction with the Sandringham YC of Malvern, Victoria. These races are to take place from September 16. It will be remembered that the Trophy was retained on this side of the Atlantic last autumn by Ian Norris, who sailed Hellcat owned by A. R. Holloway.

Mr Holloway has commissioned the same designer, Roderick Macalpine-Downie, to design a new vessel to contend for the honour of defender, a Hellcat Mark III. Another potential defender is *Boadicea*, a new vessel under construction, to be sailed by John Fisk who first wrested the Trophy from the Americans two years ago. This effort is backed by a syndicate of members of the Catamaran Yacht Club under the chairmanship of R. Gresham Cooke, MP. The attitude of the owners of these two defender-candidates to preliminary racing is totally different. While *Boadicea* is definitely going to race during the Catamaran Week and the One of a Kind races, Mr Holloway expressed the view that if his boat is likely to be chosen, he would withdraw from those two events. The Australians are sending two boats over, and final selection will be made over here. One of their designers is Alan Payne of *Gretel* fame.

UP THE COAST OF NORWAY

24 Two thousand five hundred miles, about half of them north of the Arctic Circle, fulfil the promise of an unusual route for a holiday cruise. Yet, for the 13 ships which ply the Hurtigrute (express route) along the Norwegian coast, it is all part of the routine. Every day of the year, one of the compact motor ships glides out of Bergen heading for the North Cape and Kirkenes beyond; 12 days and 70 ports-of-call later, she is back, ready to start again.

For holidaymakers from Britain, the route combines ideally with the Newcastle-Bergen services operated by the Bergen Line, who also contribute four ships to the coastal route and act as general agents for the other shipping companies in the U.K. About 80 per cent of the coastal journey is in very sheltered waters; cabins are small but comfortable; the Norwegian cold table meals are excellent, and the ships are licensed for beer and wine (not spirits). All-in arrangements from London, Newcastle or Bergen to Kirkenes and back make it all very simple.

Music and fish are the twin themes of the lovely city of Bergen. Unlike Rome for once, it is not built on, but surrounded by, seven hills. A funicular takes you to the top of one of these (Fløien, 1,050 ft.), a cable car to another (Ulriken, 2,000 ft.) and the views are grandiose, spreading far out to sea and far inland, across mountain tops cradling little lakes, and valleys nursing larger ones.

Bergen lives by fish and there is no better place to follow the story in all its aspects, from the splendid new aquarium and the Fisheries Museum, to the harbour and market place, where this story is daily unfolding still. The Hanseatic Museum, housed in one of those glorious ancient buildings that characterised Bergen's waterfront of old, gives an intimate glimpse into the life of the Hanseatic merchants. There are lovely churches, too (note especially St. Mary's), Grieg's home just outside the town, and a charming folkloric evening in which you participate in an imaginary, but authentic country wedding feast. Called Fana Folklore, it is one of the best of its kind I have seen. The famous Bergen Festival takes place in late May and early June.

For the holidaymaker, the coastal route from Bergen provides a leisurely cruise of a most unusual kind. For the people of many of the villages and little townships that sit between sea and mountain, it is the big event in their daily lives. In the far north, it is sometimes their only means of regular communication with the outside world. Then the activity on the quayside is immense: the embarking and disembarking, the greetings and farewells, the last-minute rush to post a letter in the mail box fixed to the ship's gangway at every port, the little knots of lookers-on, the boys and girls strolling up and down with just the same nonchalance to be seen among their contemporaries any evening in any Mediterranean village main street. Nor are the visitors from sophisticated London, Leeds or Liverpool any less immune to the infectious bustle. Beyond it all lie the colourful wooden houses of Norway and the bare, barren mountain slopes patterned with their strange harvest: row upon row of drying racks garlanded with codfish by the thousand.

At any of these places you can get off and have a look around, but during longer stops there are organised shore excursions to break the rhythm of shipboard life. At Trondheim, for example, you can see an astonishingly fine music museum on the northbound route, and the Cathedral of Nidaros on the southbound journey. The latter, which is the object of a monumental work of restoration, is worth every second you can spare it, together with the detailed printed guide which will lead you to some of the most exquisite examples of medieval sculpture and some unexpected links with Lincoln and other cathedrals of Britain.

New churches and rebuilt towns

At Bodø you will visit the modern cathedral, one of several fine new churches in the post-war rebuilt towns of coastal Norway. At Tromsø, a trip by cable car gives splendid vistas over the town, fjord and mountains. This town also has an excellent museum combining ethnography, natural history and history. At the North Cape, weather permitting, the ship drops anchor in the small harbour to enable you to follow the zig-zag path to the 1,000-ft. high top of Europe; a bus then covers the 20 miles to rejoin the ship at Honningsvåg. At Kirkenes, you can go and peer over the Russian frontier at what was formerly Finland's province of Petsamo.

Certain sections of the journey can optionally be covered by bus, as, for example, the stretch from Molde to Kristiansund (three hours), Stamsund to Svolvaer (three hours, across the glorious Lofoten Islands), and, on the south-bound route during the summer from Kirkenes to Hammerfest (1½ days). But there are some who will undoubtedly plan to linger longer, and the very regularity of this coastal service opens up any number of opportunities; you have only to leave the boat where you will and join another, one or more days later.

Molde (18 hours north of Bergen), for example, is magnificently situated, for it perches far down a fjord and faces a panorama of no fewer than 87 peaks. Its Hotel Alexandra is excellent, and an hour away by car is the pretty hamlet of Bud, scene of the three-day Skerries Festival (this year, July 26-28) when one can join in all the activities of this remote little fishing community. From Bodø (2½ days from Bergen; first-class Grand Hotel or the simpler, friendly Central) there is a good choice of local boat excusions and, nearby, the remarkable Saltstraum Eddy. Boat excursions from Tromsø (four days) are numerous, too, ranging from an overnight trip round islands bathed in the midnight sun, to full-scale Arctic safaris off Spitsbergen lasting a fortnight. Kirkenes (six days) specialises in sight-seeing flights by taxi plane. And then, in between, there is Svolvaer.

Svolvaer (Lofoten Hotel) is on the Lofoten Islands, and these islands come high on the list of Europe's scenic splendours. The views from them defy description, and the sea, on the kind of brilliant day I experienced (temperatures

Bergen on the Norwegian coastline is surrou

in the eighties at the end of May!), becomes a shifting pattern of the loveliest colours. Some of the islands are linked by ferries and new roads will eventually complete the chain, while local services will take you out to other islands. But glorious though it is in summer, it would be good to be there during the Lofoten fisheries from January to April, when the harbour is a-jostle with the cod-fishing fleets.

Among other variations on the coastal route theme are the possibilities of going inland by bus or rail and joining another ship at a later stage. One highly commended detour is to Mo i Rana, which involves leaving the ship very early at Nesna, 2½ days north of Bergen, and continuing for two hours by bus. Mo i Rana, just below the Arctic Circle (Meyergården Hotel), is the site of the largest iron and steel works in Norway; but it can also claim a grand situation far inland at the head of a fjord, ringed by mountains. These mountains offer any number of excursions.

From Mo it is a 4½-hour rail journey to Bodø, where you can rejoin the coastal route; you will pass through forests beneath

hills. From the top of these the views are grandiose

towering peaks, and steep mountain slopes streaming with waterfalls. It is just the kind of scenery that epitomises that unforgettably majestic quality that spells Norway.

For further information: Norwegian National Tourist Office, 20, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1, or Bergen Line, Norway House, 21-24, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1.

Costs and means of access: The first-class round trip cost, according to season (May to early September), is £85-£105 (ex-Newcastle), and £50-£65 (ex-Bergen), including shore excursions and all meals except on the North Sea crossing, but not hotel expenses, if any, incurred in Bergen. An extremely reduced off-season round trip fare of £48 10s. (ex-Newcastle) in April and September/October covers tourist class travel on North Sea crossing, first class on coastal steamer, but no shore excursions. Spring and autumn are particularly fine times in Norway, though organised excursions are naturally limited then.

By Air: London-Bergen by BEA or SAS, from £28 3s night tourist excursion fare to £63 2s first-class return.

Below: Church buildings on the skyline at Molde

SUNSHINE IN WINTER

It does not matter so much if the temperature never rises above the 60's, but it is important that the sun shines on a winter holiday. In coming to the right decision about where to go due consideration must be made not only of place but of time. For example, there are many places on the Mediterranean which are perfectly delightful in early October, January and March but which are washed out by rain and wind during November, December and February. Sicily, for example, is not the island to visit during January when there is an average of 14 days when it rains, with a monthly fall which is the highest of the year. Indeed, the only region in the western Mediterranean where you can be assured of a reasonable amount of sunshine and a minimum number of rainy days is on the south coast of Spain along the Costa del Sol from Gibraltar to Malaga.

To make absolutely sure of warmth and sunshine in winter you must go to the north coast of Africa, to Tunisia, Libya and more particularly to Egypt. Nowhere is quite so attractive as Egypt in winter. It hardly rains at all even in the Nile delta, where something like ·2 inches is recorded for each of the first three months. Luxor is of course the place to visit for January warmth, a nice comfortable maximum of 70 deg. Fah. is assured for December, January and February and at night the thermometer never falls below 40 deg. Fah.

The same is true of Aswan. Alexandria, in contrast, is 10 deg. cooler and has on the average seven days during each winter month when it rains. Although I have known the temperature to be well in the 80's in Tripoli during the winter, the climate is cooler in Libya than in Egypt, the average maximum being just over 60 deg. Fah. with December and January the rainiest months. The coastal belt of Tunisia enjoys a similar winter climate when, like Sicily, it's quite wet during the winter compared with the summer. The warmest place in Morocco, and the driest, is Marrakech. Casablanca is also very mild but not quite so dry at that time of the year.

The Canary Islands are a little warmer than Madeira; the daily average temperature in both groups of islands is higher, curiously enough, than at Luxor or Aswan. In Las Palmas on Grand Canary, for example, the average daily maximum temperature in January is 70 deg. Fah. and the minimum 58 deg. Fah. This is a very comfortable range indeed, for there is very little need to wear coats in the evening. Rainfall is slight, not more than 1·4 inches being recorded on the average. Teneriffe is slightly cooler, but only a matter of a few degrees. Santa Cruz de Teneriffe is the warmest place and a trifle drier than other parts of the island.

There is little to choose between the months of January, February, March, April and May for a visit to Madeira. The difference in temperature is a matter of only three degrees, the daily maximum in January being 66 deg. Fah. and in May 69 deg. Fah. Rain falls in October, November and December, but the months become increasingly drier until May, when the number of rainy days is negligible. To sum up, it would be wise to avoid the period from mid-October until the end of December if you are thinking of going to the western Mediterranean, but January and February can be very pleasant indeed both in Spain and on the south coast of France. Majorca is especially colourful during January, when there is a haze of pink almond blossom everywhere.

W.D.C.C.

LIKEABLE CHARACTERS

26 **A Teacher's Story** by Guy Boas: Macmillan. 30s., recalls the history of Mr Chips in one particular only: Mr Boas was for 40 years a schoolmaster and he enjoyed almost all of the experience. With a distinguished scholastic background (an ancestor founded Radley School and his own father, a triple First, devoted his life to the study of English literature) Mr Boas taught for eight years at St. Paul's and for 32 years was headmaster of Sloane School, Chelsea. In the present book he has written, in the first half, of his own academic career and in a later section of general problems in education. In both parts he is revealed not only as a man of great authority but, unmistakably, as a most likeable character—however much it may embarrass him to be told so.

Time Without Clocks by Joan Lindsay: Angus and Robertson. 25s, contains some happily discursive chapters of autobiography by an Australian writer and painter who is also the wife of Sir Daryl Lindsay, former Director of Melbourne National Gallery. A charming, gossipy book, filled with records of friendships, of amusing conversations, of European travels and of a long and happy partnership.

Diamond River by Sadio Garavini di Turno: Hamish Hamilton. 21s, combines adventure, travel, excitement and romance, which is quite a rich blend and has the setting of the Venezuelan jungle to give it the final exotic touch. Signor di Turno (whose book has been admirably translated from the Italian by Mr Peter Green) opens his story at the moment when his 2,000-acre farm at the foot of the Andes has been destroyed by a hurricane and he has decided to sell out and start on a hazardous expedition up a river where, he has been told, diamonds are to be found. This is an engaging, extremely candid book with many flashbacks to a colourful past (Signor di Turno is still in his forties) and an interesting anecdote beginning: "Women, opium and whiskey had begun to pall on me. . . ."

Italian Sketches by Maurice Rowdon: Gollancz. 21s, has a title of classic simplicity and some modesty, for what Mr Rowdon has really given the reader is far from being a collection of superficial portraits; rather, the book is the intimate account of an experience, lived through by the author and his wife, in a remote and not altogether idyllic part of Italy, looking towards the sea and the Abruzzi. Perceptive, intelligent and, as nearly as possible, uncoloured by sentiment.

Their Heads are Green by Paul Bowles: Peter Owen. 21s, provides more pictures of foreign parts, in this case North Africa, where the writer has lived for many years. Morocco is the country of his choice and he has also made some arduous journeys in the Sahara with "its incredible, absolute silence." Mr Bowles has written, too, of his travels in Mexico, Turkey and Ceylon and has an admirably cool yet natural style for describing the places and the people among whom he has made his own discoveries.

The Love Riddle by Claire Kenneth: Alvin Redman. 21s, is the work of a novelist whose own life has been at least as dramatic as any inventive romance and who, born in Budapest, only began her writing career after the war which had brought her personal tragedy, imprisonment, torture and a citation for gallantry from General Eisenhower. Her book has an international Middle Eastern background with glimpses of London and is mainly concerned with passionate intrigues, both political and amorous.

The Last Raider by Douglas Reeman: Jarrolds. 21s, has the authority of a man who has himself been a sailor and a student of naval history, and has written here of the First World War and a German ship whose task, in 1917, was to break through the British blockade and, once free, set about the sinking of enemy cargo ships. Fast-moving and highly effective stuff.

Victims and Heroes by Konstantin Simonov: Hutchinson. 30s, has the opening months of the Second World War for its theme and, in a sense, the Red Army as its hero. The author's work has, on several occasions, received the Stalin Prize and Mr Simonov himself has been frequently decorated and has served as a Deputy to the Supreme Soviet. The translation from the Russian is by R. Ainsztein.

Two's Company by Stanley Middleton: Hutchinson. 18s, may not appeal to one as the most inspiriting of reading; it may even be held to be a highly articulate novel on a thoroughly depressing theme. But it is alive, it is extraordinarily well written and it establishes the author as a novelist heading fast for the front ranks.

Griffin's Way by Frank Yerby: Heinemann. 18s, is another of this immensely successful writer's romances about the southern states of America, in the present instance pictured in 1870, after the victory of the North at Appomattox. Just as colourful as one has learned to expect and spiced with violence.

THE GREAT INTERVENTION

Mr Wilson's War by John Dos Passos: Hamish Hamilton. 42s. When the United States was brought sharply out of its long neutralistic coma, to take a share in European and world affairs, the man who moulded American opinion was that curiously detached politician Woodrow Wilson, the schoolmaster from Princeton. John Dos Passos describes Wilson's years of dominance and the emergence of The League of Nations, using the technique of the "camera eye," which he practised with such success in his novels. The drama of the 1920 election in the United States, when Wilson almost went down to the Republican lawyer Charles Evans Hughes, is one of the highlights of this long narrative; for in the event of defeat Wilson had planned a gesture in the heroic manner by handing over to Hughes three months in advance of the statutary date. It would no doubt have been recognised as a gesture with all the imprint of greatness by a man who had learnt to put self on one side. It might, indeed, have done more for Europe than a Wilson re-elected and destined to have the ground cut out from under him by his own people.

The Fall of the Dynasties by Edmond Taylor: Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 36s. To twist Canning's words, Wilson was the new world called into existence to redress the balance of the old, a European world dominated by hereditary rulers. Before the First World War four dynasties, Habsburg, Hohenzollern, Ottoman and Romanov, dominated Europe and the Near East. Between 1905 and 1922 these four ruling houses crumbled and fell, and the face of Europe changed out of all recognition. Mr Taylor, a journalist with a flair for history, here makes a notable contribution to *The Mainstream of the Modern World* series, edited by fellow journalist John Gunther.

The Negro Revolt by Louis E. Lomax: Hamish Hamilton. 21s. Revolt is a strong word, but in the light of recent happenings in Birmingham, Alabama, and Tuscaloosa, who shall say that it is too strong? The author, a distinguished American negro writer, is one of those concerned in this revolt who believes that the last vestige of the evil of segregation must go quickly, that a policy of gradualness is a wasted effort. The American negro holds the key to the rise of the world's non-white peoples, says Mr Lomax, and, if it be possible, to the elimination of racial strife. Washington may be converted to these things, but the "deep south" is another matter, and the author shows how the Kennedy Administration is steadily working on the theory that once sufficient negroes gain the franchise they can create changes in their own unwilling states. Some say it will not work; but others declare that it is already working as men go into court to see that negroes register and vote, and do so without reprisals. Mr Lomax has written a blunt book, and a patriotic one; for whatever else the negro is (integrated or unintegrated) he holds him to be an American, his fortune bound up with the United States. It is a total commitment, and most negroes believe that it can only end one way, in total freedom, no matter what a group of southern senators has to say.

The Last Zulu King by C. T. Binns: Longmans. 30s. Here is the story of an African revolt *en grande*, the revolt of Cetshwayo, King of the Zulus, who, when the British annexed the Transvaal in 1877, was no more prepared to give way to them than he was to the Boers. The defeat that he inflicted upon the British at Isandlwhana was not forgotten, not forgiven, and not allowed to go without massive retaliation. Eventually Cetshwayo was brought to London and into the presence of the Queen, who restored some of his powers, but not enough to restore either his authority or dignity among the Zulu nation. Mr Binns, a minister of the gospel, who has done much research in Africa, presents the career of Cetshwayo factually and well. That the Zulu chieftain was not the bloodthirsty tyrant of Bartle Frere's imagining is clear enough. Some said indeed that Cetshwayo was kind and liberal; others that he was an autocrat, but not a cruel

Who Was Then the Gentleman? by Charles E. Israel: Macmillan. 25s, delves back into the 14th century and tells a story of the Peasants' Revolt in 1381 when the throne of England shook and when Wat Tyler and his men marched on London from Kent. A striking reconstruction of this period of savage oppression and graced with a real gift of narrative.

The Potentate by William Fennerton: Gollancz. 15s, is my pick of the week among the new detective stories and thrillers; written with exceptional restraint and yet conveying increasing suspense to an almost painful degree. The setting is an Iron Curtain country and the detail seems splendidly authentic.

A Thief in the Night by Thomas Walsh: Cassell. 15s, comes pretty high on the list, too: a not entirely credible but very gripping story in which a young New Yorker sets out to kidnap the one visiting statesman it should have been impossible to take.

Gently Floating by Alan Hunter: Cassell. 13s 6d, is a further volume in the saga of Superintendent Gently, the CID man with the humane touch and the infallible nose for the guilty party. The murder he investigates takes place in the Norfolk Broads, a setting of which the author writes with especial affection.

Enemy in the House by M. G. Eberhart: Crime Club. 12s 6d, shows this practised writer of whodunits as an historical novelist—the period being the American War of Independence—and, more familiarly, as the author of an extremely good murder mystery. **Vernon Fane**

man; and of himself he said "I must kill or be killed." The author has tried above all else to be fair. Emerging from these moving pages is a character cast in the classical mould, but one perhaps that does not come quite to life.

Madeira and the Canary Islands by A. Gordon-Brown: Robert Hale. 10s 6d. This admirable illustrated guide issued by Union Castle is now in its third edition. Island maps, town maps, and photographs all add to its general usefulness, and the size is handy.

Four books for the sportsman command attention this week.

How to Play and Win at Tennis by Pancho Gonzales: Souvenir Press. 21s. This is a practical guide by one of the finest of players, making use of photographs to demonstrate technique. In all, there are 126 instructional illustrations.

Better Tennis with the World's Best Players by Cornel Lumiere: Eyre and Spottiswoode. 18s. Here line drawings and photographs are employed, and the author brings out the various qualities of some of the leading players past and present.

Small Boat and Dinghy Sailing by John Chamier and **Coarse Fishing** by Frederick Cowburn (both published by Michael Joseph at 13s 6d) are new additions to the Pelham Practical Books. **Richard Edmonds**

MR PICKWICK

In the splendidly rotund shape of Harry Secombe, one of the original Goons and a singer of no mean ability, Dickens's Mr Pickwick arrives in London this week. His adventures have been turned into a musical, called simply *Pickwick*, by Wolf Mankowitz, Leslie Bricusse and Cyril Ornandel, opening at the Saville this Thursday, July 4. Dickens seems to be a favourite with composers of musicals these days—Lionel Bart's *Oliver* is still running in London. Like that show, *Pickwick* has elaborate sets by Sean Kenny. These include an ice rink for Mr Pickwick to fall through.

Photographed by Tom Hustler

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY: **GEORGE HANNAH**

Earlier this year Mr Hannah was elected President of the Federation of Manufacturers of Construction Equipment for the second time. He was President last in 1957. The construction equipment industry has proved to be one of the most rapidly developing engineering industries in the UK. In 1962 the sales of British manufactured equipment rose to £120 million, and of this more than half was exported. In the last ten years the sales have reached £845 million, of which at least £420 million worth was exported.

Mr George A. Hannah, J.P., M.I.Mech.E., E.B.I.M., A.I.Q., received his technical training in mechanical and electrical engineering at the Royal College of Science and Technology, Glasgow. To gain practical experience he worked for a number of years with the Clydeside engineering firms of Watson Laidlaw, Babcock and Wilcox, Blair Campbell and McLean, G. J. Weir and Adam Knox and Sons. Twenty-five years ago he came south to Leicester, working at Mellor Bromley and Co. and Pegson Ltd., Coalville, where he was General Works Manager. Eight years later he joined the Board and in 1954 was made Managing Director. In 1959 he was elected President of the Committee for European Construction Equipment. In 1960 he was elected Chairman of the Board of Construction Equipment Exhibitions Ltd., the company promoting the Exhibition of Construction Equipment now running at Crystal Palace. Mr Hannah's sporting interests are in boxing, football and in golf, which he played for Leicestershire County

PACEMAKER OF EXPANSION

by The Sphere Industrial Correspondent

One of the odder by-products of Britain's great freeze-up in January and February has been that official statisticians in Whitehall are now wondering whether they should take construction out of the country's industrial production index. Not because this vast business of building and civil engineering is unimportant; because it is inscrutable. Over a year, Whitehall reckon, construction accounts for nearly 13 per cent. of the value of all industrial activity in the country: in 1962, more than £3,000 million. They have some confidence in that annual estimate; a certain amount, too, in quarterly estimates that the Ministry of Public Building and Works produces (long in arrear). But they no longer have much confidence in being able to measure construction activity monthly; and they are wondering whether it can be fitted at all into a monthly index of industrial production in general that needs to be fairly reliable and very up to date.

The original indices of industrial production put out for the end of last year and for the first few months of this year have had to be very sharply revised in the light of information coming in later about construction. For December, in particular, the figure first put out was revised sharply down later; for February, the very low figure first given has now been revised quite sharply upwards. The first estimates, in most months, involve a good deal of statistical guesswork on the basis of fragmentary evidence; and even the revisions, in the light of much fuller quarterly information, involve some rather arbitrary allocation of recorded changes in quarterly output between single months. This is not a weakness in British methods of measuring output: it is an international problem, and seems to be inherent in getting quick month-to-month estimates of construction activity, where almost all work covers a fairly lengthy time-scale. The production indices brought out by most European countries, for example, simply leave out construction as too difficult; statisticians everywhere regard it with caution as something of a mystery.

Since construction happens to be one of the two "pacemakers of expansion" for 1963, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer put it last month (the other is motors), this could be disconcerting. Nevertheless, in the first quarter of the year the industry confounded their guesswork by getting much more done in the bitter weather than anyone had imagined. Whitehall are often anxious, too, about the sheer capacity of the construction industries to cope with the huge tasks that public and private building and civil engineering programmes are placing on them. The winter may have puzzled officials, but also perhaps given them a shade more confidence about this.

Rapidly expanding industry

Capacity in construction, nowadays, depends more on machines than on men; although the industries together employ about 1,100,000 men, this is a relatively constant figure, and it is from equipment, primarily, that growth in their output and efficiency develops. The British construction equipment industries, on exhibition on the Crystal Palace site in South London, has been one of Britain's most rapidly expanded capital goods industries since the war; and with the heavy programmes of civil engineering now under way for the Government, it is much busier today than most other plant and equipment producers in the country. Its London exhibition is the "nominated exhibition for 1963" of the European construction equipment industry, with German, French and Italian manufacturers showing some of their plant. This is an internationally competitive industry; more than half of the plant produced in Britain, for example, goes overseas, both to British contractors' work overseas and to foreign constructors.

The variety of equipment that can be used on a construction site is enormous; but the main categories of jobs that such equipment has to do are in moving earth from where it isn't wanted, preparing surfaces, and moving materials to where they are wanted. The materials are likely nowadays to be prepared on the site; and where large-scale structures are involved, erection equipment may be massive and complex. All this equipment has one characteristic that is commonplace to "the Civils" though it might disconcert other kinds of engineer; it has to be mobile, and very often to be rapidly dismantled for re-erection and adaptation to different detailed jobs on the site. At one time the builder's tools were small and simple because they had to be portable. Today they move around as readily as the pick and shovel; yet they include some of the largest single machines, such as walking draglines, to be found in industry anywhere.

This question of mobility underlies one of the continuing controversies of the construction equipment makers, which will perhaps never be solved with a single answer; should heavy equipment move on wheels or on tracks? There was a time when the introduction of heavy equipment into civil engineering depended almost entirely on using tracks like a tank, and much of the plant still does. But in recent years this method of achieving mobility has been challenged by wheeled vehicles, using enormous pneumatic tyres. Tracked systems, which at one time were less readily manoeuvrable and relatively difficult to control, have in their turn responded to the challenge of competition. A large amount of small and medium-sized equipment seems likely to stay on tracks; but the biggest earth-movers are expected by experts to "go rubber."

The biggest kinds of mobile equipment, which may cost tens of thousands of pounds per item, are justified mainly on jobs involving the clearance of big areas, such as motorway and airport construction. On many city sites, where a high proportion of the rebuilding of Britain goes on, there is often simply not room for the giants; the constructor has to rely on smaller and less specialised equipment, which can operate as small excavators, dumpers, mechanical wheelbarrows and the like on a variety of jobs. Versatility is the main requirement of this kind of equipment; more and more power is being built into these units, and a wider range of variations in lifting, tilting, digging and scraping.

Some of the materials preparation plant, also, is becoming much more versatile. Concrete batching on the site generally involves plant that is brought in dismantled and re-assembled for operation wherever wanted; but nowadays it may

(continued on next page)

The Duke of Edinburgh visits the International Construction Equipment Exhibition at the Crystal Palace

PACEMAKER OF EXPANSION *continued from page 29*

30 be wanted at different floor levels as well as at different points on the site, and a number of new designs of plant are now fitted to elevate themselves into the air or to " climb " up the structural framework to keep up as a high building adds storey upon storey. This preparation equipment is linked to various kinds of vertical lifting plant; cranes of every kind, hoists and dismountable lifts for the very tall buildings, lift trucks and portable conveyors.

There is no sign of flagging in the imagination of the construction equipment designers; this massive plant is being equipped with more and more sophisticated control, and new forms of prefabricated or semi-fabricated building are bringing with them their own new types of specialised equipment. With generally full employment and a considerable shortage of traditional building craftsmen, building as well as civil engineering needs to become more and more mechanised. Across the wide range of building operations, productivity is slow to improve, depending largely on the civil engineering side where the scale of operations and the equipment brought in allow for much better organisation and planning of work. An unfinished task of the construction plant industry is to offer equally labour-saving and efficient equipment for the whole of British building.

Above: Among the many machines on view at the International Construction Equipment Exhibition was the Caterpillar 955F Traxcavator which has a multi-purpose bucket
Left: A Sabo board cleaner being demonstrated at the Exhibition. It cleans any thickness of boards
Right: A new hydraulic digger fitted to a Massey-Ferguson industrial tractor. It is available in both home and overseas markets
Below: A Wakefield grader in use on the site of the Ferrybridge "C" Power Station. The " B " station is seen in the background. The grader's model number is 603. It is powered by a 50 h.p. motor

Above: A general view of the 2nd International Construction Equipment Exhibition. Over 200 companies displayed equipment on the Crystal Palace grounds. The exhibition closed on July 5

Left: A Fowler Challenger 33 Diesel crawler fitted with a Marshall hydraulic bulldozer is demonstrated at the Crystal Palace exhibition

Below: Sections of the mast of a Babcock-Weitz tower crane are welded together in the tower crane production shop at the Dalmuir works of Babcock and Wilcox Ltd., on the River Clyde

NEW SHIPS LAUNCHED

The cargo passenger liner *Centaur* on the slipway of John Brown's shipyard in Clydebank, Scotland. The Blue Funnel vessel being built for Alfred Holt and Co. will operate between Britain, Malaya and Australia. She was launched recently by Mrs Brand, wife of the Prime Minister of Western Australia. **Below:** The *Methane Princess* is launched from the Barrow-in-Furness yard of Vickers-Armstrongs. Ten years of research have gone into her and her sister ship now being built in Belfast. The ships will carry liquefied Sahara natural gas from an Algerian coastal plant to the start of a new grid pipe system at Canvey Island, Essex. **Below right:** The twin-screw diesel tug *Ikwerre* leaves the stocks from the Woolston works near Southampton of John I. Thornycroft and Co. The tug is named after a town in Eastern Nigeria. She will be registered in Lagos and employed by her owners, the Nigerian Ports Authority, for harbour and coastal work off Nigeria

THE PYLON PROGRAMME

by The Sphere City Correspondent

When the Minister of Power makes his annual announcement this summer about the capital spending programme of the Electricity Boards, he is almost certain to endorse a higher rate of spending on electricity supply. Power consumption in this country is rising by nearer nine per cent. per annum than the previously accepted eight per cent. Of the various sectors of the electricity supply industry to be sharing the new orders, it is clear that much is going to the generating side, but a leading firm of London stockbrokers point out in a current survey that the transmission side of the industry will also be a key beneficiary. They put the new rate of capital spending on transmission (last year about £150 million) at £200 million to £250 million during 1963-64 and at a high plateau of £400 million in 1964-67—almost a trebling of business in fact for the companies that comprise the electricity supply industry.

In particular a large part of the orders by the Electricity Boards on new plant (as opposed to replacement of plant following two exceptionally hard winters) will be on the new Super-Grid which, with its high voltage overhead wires, underground cables and new switching stations, will move blocks of power from remote generating points to centres of population. For it is in the centres of population—especially in household consumption—that electricity sales have risen most dramatically, doubling in five years. Consumption by commercial users and offices rose by 80 per cent. in the same period and that of industry by 50 per cent.

The important question for investors who wish to participate in this growth is which sector of the industry is going to benefit most. Clearly the growth is going to be of some assistance to the makers of the heavy generating equipment: for example, Associated Electrical Industries, English Electric and General Electric. But as the retiring chairman of A.E.I., Lord Chandos, pointed out in last year's review, the heavy end of the industry is suffering from over-capacity.

The switchgear makers such as A. Reyrolle are perhaps in a better position, and the stock market has been quick to put the shares of this company on to an appropriately low yield rating in acknowledgment of its improving prospects. But the best outcome of this rapid step-up in Britain's electricity supplies may well be for the cable makers, for they will directly benefit from the new Super-Grid plans and at the same time will find increased orders for replacement plant. It is true that in the current year, deliveries have been severely hampered for two months by bad weather, so the results may be less good than expected, but on a two- to three-year view there should be a healthy rise in sales. Profit margins too are improving, thanks to an end of the cable price war that made such a dent in profitability from 1959 to 1961. Rising orders which have absorbed excess capacity and the elimination of a number of manufacturing units in mergers have been useful factors in the recovery.

Giant of the cable industry is British Insulated Callender's Cables, about two-thirds of whose profits are made on home business. It has already shown a marked recovery in pre-tax profits since the doldrums of the late 1950s, mainly due to increases in demand for mains cables and the group's more technical products. Heavy capital expenditure to finance the growing order book meant a £6 million rights issue earlier this year which should satisfy the group's requirements for the next year or so. One significant development in recent months has been the announcement of a joint study by BICC and Imperial Chemical Industries of their various non-ferrous metals activities. The chairmen of both companies are firm believers in maximum use of plant, and if dovetailing of both companies' requirements can be agreed, it could mean a useful improvement in profitability for shareholders. Although BICC shares have already come up this year, they still look attractive on a two-year view at around 72s to yield a 2½ times covered 3·7 per cent.

A smaller cable maker and one with a highly geared capital structure is Johnson and Phillips. The company has a fluctuating profits record, showing a net loss in 1959, but even then managed to pay a capital distribution to shareholders. There has been a dramatic recovery over the past three years with pre-tax profits in 1962 of over £400,000, providing cover of over three times for the dividend on the actual tax charge and 1·8 times if a normal tax charge had been made. As with BICC, Johnson and Phillips' current year has been interrupted by bad weather, but on a two-year view the shares at 35s 9d to yield 5½ per cent. look reasonable.

MIDLANDS MATTERS

by The Sphere Midlands Correspondent

From his Miami home, where he lives in active retirement, I suspect that Mr Axel Wickman looked with much satisfaction at the celebrations recently by the Coventry machine tool firm which has borne his name for a quarter of a century as a public company. A working exhibition of some of the most sophisticated machines in Europe was chosen to mark the occasion. Mr Wickman, who still visits Coventry, was a brilliant and far-seeing young executive with the neighbouring company of Alfred Herbert Ltd. when he founded Wickman Ltd. in the dark days of the mid-'20s. Perhaps his greatest contribution was to spot the potentialities of tungsten-carbide, which he saw being used experimentally in Germany, and to introduce it in this country.

Second in hardness only to diamond, tungsten-carbide as a cutting tool enabled the metal-working industries to increase output so much that it is said to have enabled Hitler to start the last war and Britain and the United States to finish it. In the late 1930's Wickman-designed multi-spindle automatics, upon which the rising fortunes of the company were founded, began to make their appearance. Mr Reg Dixon, engineering director, was much involved with these.

In 1947 Wickman Ltd. was absorbed into the John Brown group, whose chairman, Lord Aberconway, is also chairman of Wickman; it is now the largest producer of multi-spindle automatics in Europe, and the second largest in the world. Mr Edward Hyde, appointed managing director in 1956 after restoring the strained financial resources of the company in 1944, intends that it shall at least remain so.

Awards for bravery

Are there, I wonder, any challengers to the claim of Mitchells and Butlers Ltd., the Smethwick brewers, to be the only industrial firm which have their own awards for bravery? Their awards, known as the W. A. Savage V.C. Awards, after a former employee posthumously awarded the V.C. in the 1942 St. Nazaire raid, are made annually, and since 1943 55 employees, including seven women, have won them.

Mostly, of course, they are drawn from the 3,000 or so licensees, whose hazards from intruders or rioters must, one would think, be greater than those of most individual workers in industry or the distributive trades. But this year's nine awards included two firemen at the company's Walsall brewery who crawled into a hot fire-box to repair damage. I know of no equivalent award by an industrial firm—yet the scope must obviously be great.

Welding

Sir Alfred Owen, a firm believer in developing trade links as one means of promoting international understanding, was predictably pleased by the success of a recent three-day exhibition of Russian welding plant and equipment at the Darlaston factory of Rubery Owen and Co. Ltd. About a year ago long negotiations ended with the Owen Organisation winning the sole agency for the sale of selected types of Russian welding equipment in the United Kingdom and 25 other countries. Similar equipment is used at the Darlaston factory, which makes vehicle components such as petrol tanks, wheels, chassis and metal pressings. Immediate orders from the exhibition are expected to total about £30,000, and some have already been placed in Russia.

Bedsteads

Many a Midland engineering enterprise, it is often said, owes much of its present success to its early profitable manufacture of the humble bedstead. Now the manufacturers in the industry are finding the wheel of fashion coming full circle, with four-posters and brass knobs in great demand.

Mr Maudling, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, visiting Vono Ltd., at Tipton, recently, commented on this curious twist of events. As he viewed the elegant, white nylon-draped Duchess four-poster and the padded Princess, retailing at nearly £100, he said: "I would have thought they were a bit warm for Africa." But Africa is the largest oversea market, and beds there are important status symbols, Mr Maudling was told. And bed sales are increasing in this country too.

Vono, a member of the £10 million Duport group, headed by Birmingham accountant Mr W. Leonard Barrows, exports 25 per cent. of its output of beds and similar products to 120 markets, an unusually high percentage which earned the Chancellor's praise. At the other end of the scale are small one-man or family concerns employing only a dozen or 20, whose export contribution is proportionately no less. Typical of these is the Aston, Birmingham, firm of Clarendon Stampings (Birmingham) Ltd., whose managing director, Mr J. E. Mountford, left the company for a time 13 years ago when "we were saying this brass knob business couldn't last."

LANDSCAPING THE MOTORWAYS

34 Time is mellowing the harsh features of M1 and other British motorways, of which there are now more than 200 miles. Grass is flourishing on the embankments and central reservations. Trees and shrubs planted to hide the scars of road building are bursting with life. They are helping these great modern highways to become self-effacing; to make them fit less ostentatiously into the background of scenic splendour which they have opened up for Britain's motorists. Much of the credit for this is due to the Ministry of Transport's cumbrously named Advisory Committee on the Landscape Treatment of Trunk Roads, set up in 1956 with the late Sir David Bowes-Lyon as chairman.

Under the direction of this committee more than 100,000 trees and shrubs are being planted this year to help blend our new motorways and trunk roads into the landscape. Last year the committee examined proposals for landscaping about 70 lengths of new or improved roads including part of the Maidstone by-pass. "The committee place great emphasis on the use of indigenous trees," a Ministry of Transport official told me," but this does not exclude the planting of more exotic species in appropriate places." One important concern of the committee is to see that the routes of new roads preserve or take advantage, wherever possible, of existing natural features. To this end they inspect proposed routes at a very early stage in the design process.

They have paid special attention to the design of the motorway service areas and have recently inspected service area sites on M1, M5 and M6. The committee are now working under the chairmanship of Sir Eric Savill, and other members include representatives of the Institute of Landscape Architects, the Royal Forestry Society, the Standing Joint Committee of the motoring organisations, the Council for the Preservation of Rural England and the Roads Beautifying Association. Sir George Taylor, the director of Kew Gardens, is deputy chairman.

Reviewing windscreens

I am glad to learn that the British Standards Institution has decided to review the whole subject of car windscreens. They are doing so, I gather, following a suggestion by Mr E. J. McKelvey, general manager of Indestructo Glass Ltd., that those valuable areas of clearer vision in zone-toughened screens should now be made bigger.

Indestructo and Triplex, who between them make practically all the safety glass for Britain's cars, have been making zone-toughened screens for some time. In these screens there is an area of glass in front of the driver's eyes where the particle count is lower; by this I mean that if the screen shatters it does not, in that area, disintegrate into such tiny glass particles. These bigger fragments enable a driver to see through his shattered screen well enough to pull up in safety and even to drive to the nearest garage without punching a hole through the frosted glass.

Experts like Mr McKelvey think development has reached a stage when those areas of clearer visibility in zone-toughened screens can safely be made much bigger. That is why he suggested a review of the standards governing zone-toughened screens. The Institution seems to have decided to go more deeply into the matter than Mr McKelvey himself intended. At any rate they set up three panels or committees charged with the tasks (1) to undertake a complete review of the toughened-glass standard including zoning; (2) to undertake a complete review of the laminated-glass standard; (3) to examine the problem of windscreen optics particularly in relation to double image.

The first meeting of these panels has already been held and it is hoped the investigation will not be allowed to drag on too long. This business of shattered windscreens is a matter of great concern to motorists, for it is an alarming experience to have your windscreen suddenly go opaque. It has happened to me four times and although I came to no harm, the experience each time was a frightening one.

British honour at Le Mans

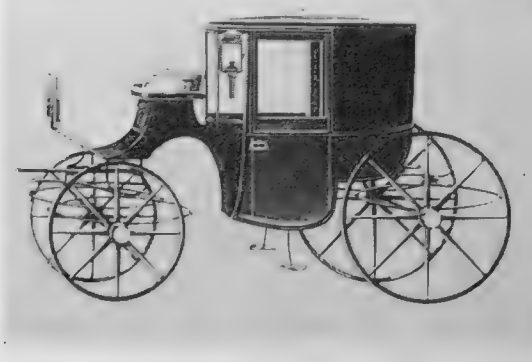
British cars took a terrible beating in the 24-hour race at Le Mans. We were lucky to have a fine performance by the Rover-engined BRM turbocar. It was not competing officially —the regulations of this famous race do not officially embrace turbocars—but was after the special prize of nearly £2,000 offered by the organisers for the first turbine-engined car to survive the 24 hours at an average speed of at least 150 k.p.h. (92·2 m.p.h.). It beat this target handsomely and unofficially came seventh among the 12 finishers.

To get to the race I chose a 3·8-litre Jaguar, ideal for the fast roads from Calais to Le Mans. I went over on Townsend Brothers' *Free Enterprise* car-carrying ferry which is having a very busy season—and understandably so. For variety I came back on the air ferry from Cherbourg to Hurn. I travelled in one of the Bristol aircraft of British United Air Ferries, which are still doing good work on Britain's network of car-carrying air ferries though the new four-engined Carvairs are so much more impressive.

Coachbuilders' centenary

In an age of mass production, rationalisation and automation it is good to be able to extend birthday greetings to a firm like James Young Ltd., of Bromley, Kent, which this month celebrate their centenary as specialist coachbuilders. They are now owned by Jack Barclay Ltd., so it is not surprising that they are mainly occupied in building special bodies for Rolls-Royce and Bentley models. They are currently making them at the rate of 50 to 60 a year and in recent months 60 per cent. have been export orders. James Young claim to be Britain's sole surviving privately owned coachbuilding firm. The difficulty of getting the right kind of dedicated craftsmen is one of the reasons for the sad decline of this British industry, which as recently as 1930 had 52 individual firms displaying their wares at the London Motor Show.

James Young employ 120 craftsmen, some of whom have been with the firm for more than 25 years, including Mr Arthur Fuller. He has been on the pay-roll since 1911. Nowadays they are mainly concerned with making beautiful bodies, with lavish interior fittings, for use on chassis of the Rolls-Royce Phantom V and Silver Cloud III and of the Bentley S3. Prices, including purchase tax, range from £7,860 for their version of the S3 Continental four-door saloon to £9,286 for the James Young-bodied Phantom V limousines. The firm were founded in July, 1863, when James Young, a member of the Institute of British Carriage Makers, bought the business from Mr J. K. Hunter and quickly established a fashionable business in the construction of horseless carriages. (*See also p. 36*)



The original Bromley Brougham, made by James Young in 1863. **Right:** Latest James Young coachwork, on the Bentley "Continental"

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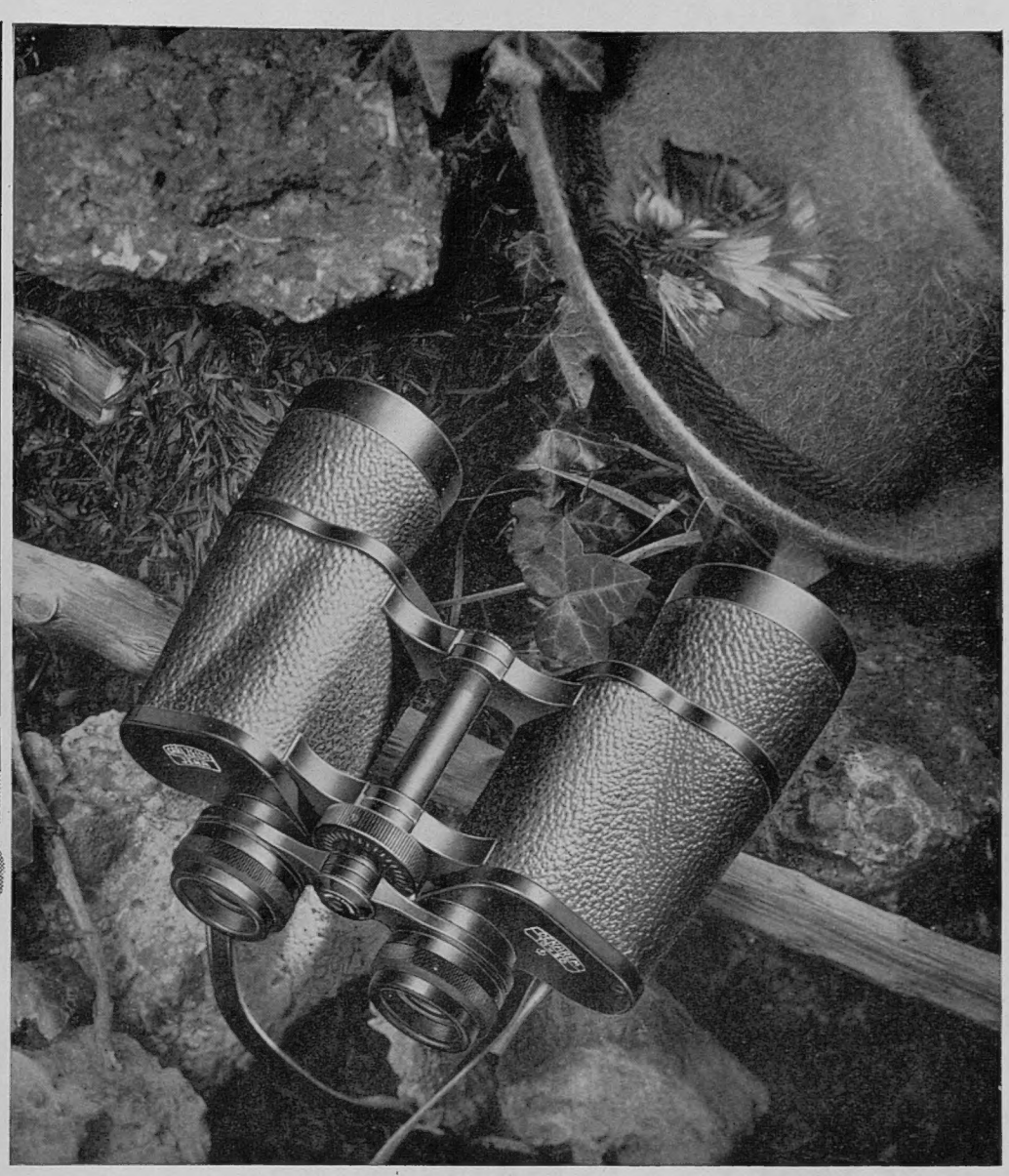

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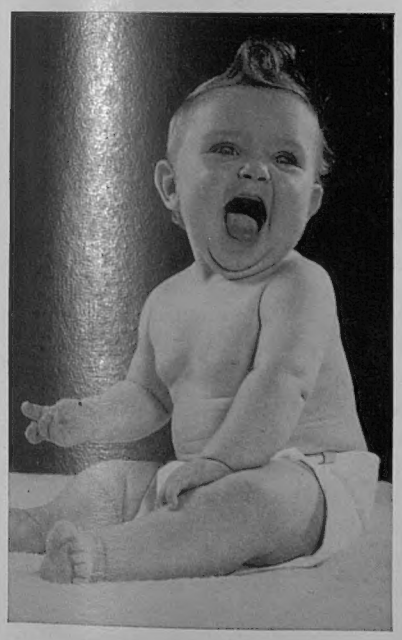

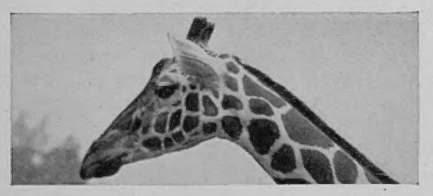

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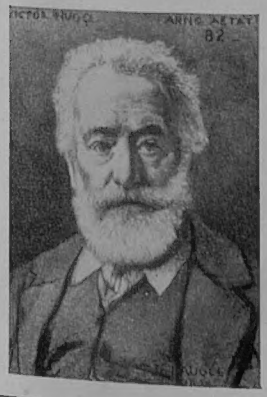

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MOTORING NOTES continued from page 34

In preparation for a Continental holiday—a left-hand-drive Renault is taken round the "Continental Road"—a section of the Brands Hatch circuit where the British School of Motorists runs a Continental Course for drivers

Briefly. . . . Just out: A new edition—the fourth—of *Road Traffic Offences* published by Mr G. S. Wilkinson, clerk to the Cambridge Justices (Oyez Publications, 57s 6d). The new edition was made necessary, say the publishers, by the passing of the Road Traffic Act, 1962, which made many important changes in motoring law. . . . British United Air Ferries have taken delivery of another of the four-engined Carvair car-carrying aircraft which are now being built at the rate of one every six weeks by Aviation Traders, Ltd. (another member of the Air Holdings Group). BUAF now operates four Carvairs and plans to use a total of 25. . . .

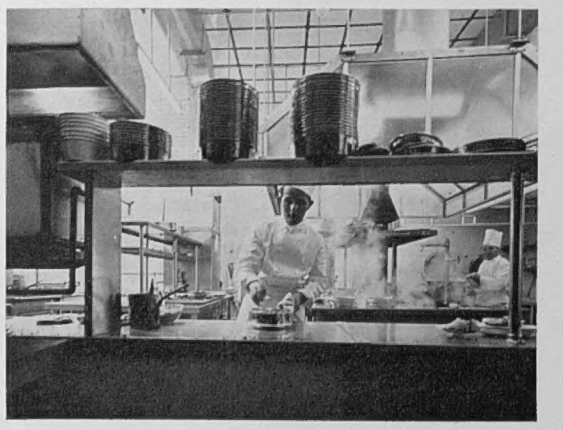
In time for the August Bank Holiday week-end, Mr Ernest Marples is opening, on July 29, another 29 miles of the Birmingham-Preston motorway (M6) from Lymm in Cheshire to the southern end of the Preston by-pass at Bamber Bridge. There will then be 54 miles of M6 in use. . . . At Royal Ascot the AA—whose membership recently passed the three million mark—brought into use for the first time its latest traffic-spotting aircraft, a twin-engined Piper Apache, which replaces its famous de Havilland Rapide. . . .

GOOD LIVING *by Ganymede*

One of the finest sites for a restaurant in the world must be the "landing" of the Eiffel Tower in Paris. There are in fact two restaurants, one each on the first and the second floor. The lower one is the more luxurious, and the only one open in the evenings. A visit there is naturally a great tourist attraction. You enjoy your lunch or dinner in great comfort, and through enormous plate-glass windows you rest your eyes on the unique panorama of Paris below. The feeling created is distinctly that of floating in mid-air, and the name "En Plein Ciel," by which the patron likes his establishment to be known, is by no means over-fanciful.

The remarkable thing about En Plein Ciel is that it is such a fine restaurant in spite of being a tourist's show-place. So many of its kind fail in this respect, for the simple reason that they rely on visitors for their business. The visitor to Paris must go there for the unique experience, but is unlikely to return again. Therefore why worry about the food, the wine and the service? This could have so easily happened here, but after more than one recent visit, I can confirm that this is not the case in the least.

The Patron of both establishments in the Tower, in fact the concessionaire of all the catering facilities, is M André Pignarre, a well-known and powerful "personality" in Paris. He is a man of great enterprise and a progressive outlook and it is due to his constant supervision and striving that En Plein Ciel has a place among the few top-class restaurants in Paris. Any day, he or his manager, M Francis Boudet, can be seen in this great room in the sky greeting guests as they arrive and going round the tables making sure that regulars and visitors alike are satisfied. The unequalled position and sumptuous setting is matched by the quality of the cooking created by the Chef de Cuisine, M Fernand Bouyrat. Some of the specialities I tasted recently, Le Gratin de Homard au Porto, la Poularde à la Haute Mère Dieu, les Delices de Soles Tour Eiffel, and le Caneton de la Belle Epoque are creations of virtuosity. Monsieur Pignarre has important wine interests, and this is clearly seen in the excellent wine list, which includes a pink champagne under the name of La Tour Eiffel. One cannot expect to lunch or dine well in such a sublime resort cheaply, but even if the price per head is as much as £4, it is an experience well worth the money.



Mr Leslie King of the Grand Hotel, Eastbourne

Nearer home, I went to the opening of the new swimming pool at the Grand Hotel, Eastbourne, taking the opportunity for sampling the food there and having a general look around. The building is a monument to spacious Victorian days. Hotels are not being built with such generous proportions. The Army was in possession during the war, and I am told that soldiers found it convenient to ride bicycles along the vast corridors.

It must have been extremely difficult for the management to modernise, and to warm the atmosphere of the place in keeping with the present-day idiom of comfort and decor. This has been done most successfully in the public rooms downstairs, and is in process of being done in the bedrooms, which are being refurnished and equipped with private bathrooms. Perhaps the most impressive part of the modernisation has been carried out in the kitchens, where the layout was completely reorganised on the advice of work-study experts. All the equipment I saw there is shining and new and, in the opinion of the head chef, Mr Leslie King, the new kitchens provide ideal working conditions. The celebration lunch, consisting of cold Sole Duglère, Escalope of Veal, Asparagus with Sauce Mousseline, strawberries and cream, which I watched being prepared, was excellent and well served. The new pool, overlooked by a benevolent dolphin, and lined with blue Italian mosaic is sure to become a most inviting attraction. It was opened by Mr Kenneth Horne (on land) and Miss Judy Grinham (in the water) most effectively.

Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LTD., Ingram House, 13–15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2, and Printed in England by KELIHER, HUDSON & KEARNS LTD., Hatfields, London, S.E.1. SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1963. Second-Class postage paid at New York, New York.

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 13-15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.*

A FEW weeks ago I wrote an article on islands. Space did not allow me to finish the full description, so this week I can cover the remainder.

Herm is only half an hour's trip by motor launch from Guernsey and is unspoilt. Those seeking a combination of peace and quietude, sunshine, sea air and the thrill of a little island would be well advised to write to the *White House Hotel* on the west side of the island facing Guernsey. Comfortably and gaily furnished, the hotel has two lounges from which lovely views can be enjoyed. Lobsters, fresh from the sea, and produce from the island farm find their way to the hotel's restaurant, open to non-residents.

The island of Sark is also reached from Guernsey, although the boat trip is rather longer. The oldest established hotel is the *Dixcart*, where the resident owners have not only maintained its high record of good repute, but have also added to its accommodation. This, in addition to the main building and the adjoining annexe, *Dixcart Cottage*, has been roped in as well as La Jaspellerie overlooking Dixcart Bay, three minutes' walk. *Dixcart Hotel*'s reputation for good food and wine stands as high and possibly higher than ever it did. Table d'hôte menus are both inviting and appetising. Other good points about the *Dixcart* are a sunny courtyard, its sheltered position from winds and short distance from a sandy beach.

On little Sark, and once a farmhouse, is *La Sablonnerie*. Enlarged and modernised, this tiny 16th-century inn is a long, low building flanking a sunny garden on two sides. On ground level is a sun-trap lounge, dining-room and granite-walled bar. The latter attracts many visitors other than residents, for it is a pleasant rendezvous after a morning's walk. Here Mr George Lister dispenses hospitality in a setting reminiscent of a French auberge. Mrs Lister runs the hotel side and, with a chef to aid her, provides interesting menus which prove as attractive to the palate as they look on paper.

The island of Jersey attracts honeymooners, holidaymakers and winter residents. The variety of hotel accommodation ensures that each group has plenty of choice and a selection of our suggestions would be as follows:—

Bouley Bay—*Water's Edge Hotel*. The majority of Jersey's luxury hotels are in the vicinity of St Helier and all, except the *Water's Edge*, are in built-up areas. Here, however, the hotel, once a smuggling inn, is the only building, and thus the views of the diminutive harbour, the rocky cliffs and the beach are quite unspoilt. No longer recognisable as an inn, *Water's Edge* has in recent years blossomed into a luxurious, four-star international hotel with almost half the bedrooms with private baths.

Corbiere—*Le Chalet*. Unusual, exclusive and Continental are the words that come to mind when one stays at this hotel, perched on Jersey's south-western tip and overlooking La Corbiere Lighthouse and Five Mile Beach. The whole conversion of this old farmhouse has been carried out in an enterprising and skilful manner and the hotel is exclusive in the Austrian style in which it was designed, with the best of Continental management and service standards.

One of the best hotels in Jersey for food is, without doubt, *The Moorings* at Gorey. The hotel stands on the quay at the foot of the castle and, during the years that Group Captain and Mrs Harrison have been there, the gastronomic reputation of the hotel has been maintained at a consistently high level and has called forth praise from many a visitor appreciative of the selective menus and wines.

Further up this coast is Rozel and *Le Couperon de Rozel*. Mr and Mrs C. Sharp, the resident proprietors, saw the possibilities of this "hollow square" of buildings which overlook the tiny harbour, and the result of their efforts is most effective. A sun-trap terrace, sheltered from any wind, is surrounded by a series of comfortably furnished bedrooms, many with private bathrooms and balconies. On ground level and with picture windows cut into the thick walls are an elegant lounge and a cocktail bar.

St Aubin—*La Haule Manor*. Once a country house, *La Haule* has lost nothing by its conversion to an hotel. The friendly and personal atmosphere is maintained by the energy of Mrs A. Parker, who makes all her guests feel at home. The light and airy dining-room provides gorgeous views, as do most of the rooms.

St Brelade's Bay—*L'Horizon Hotel*. We have heard this fine modern hotel described as "the best in Britain." Certainly it could not have a finer position or be closer to the sea, for only a colourful garden and firm expanse of sand divides visitors from the holiday pleasures of boating, sailing, sun basking and swimming. We have known the hotel since its commencement. Luxury was ever the keynote in layout, appointments, service and cuisine, particularly so since the present local Directorate acquired it.

St Brelade's Bay—*St Brelade's Bay Hotel*. Reminiscent in style and colouring of one of those dream hotels in the West Indies, *St Brelade's Bay Hotel*—with semi-tropical gardens, gaily striped awnings on the cocktail terrace and white-coated Continental staff—looks what it is, a modernly designed and efficiently run hotel. With a filtered, heated swimming pool—70 ft. by 40—and a cocktail bar alongside, the proximity of the beach, just across the road, is not so important as it once was. The hotel has had a family management—now Mr and Mrs R. H. Colley—for many years.

St Helier—*Beaufort Hotel*. Only three minutes' walk from shops and sea, this quietly positioned hotel is well suited for those who like to be close to both. The cuisine is both Continental and imaginative.

St Clement's Bay—*Hotel Ambassadeur*. One and a half miles east of St Helier, this modern and luxuriously appointed hotel overlooks the sea and a sandy and not overcrowded beach. Dinner-dances and Continental-style cuisine are summer features.

St Helier—*Ommaroo Hotel*. A long-established family holiday and winter residential hotel, comfortable and welcoming at all seasons.

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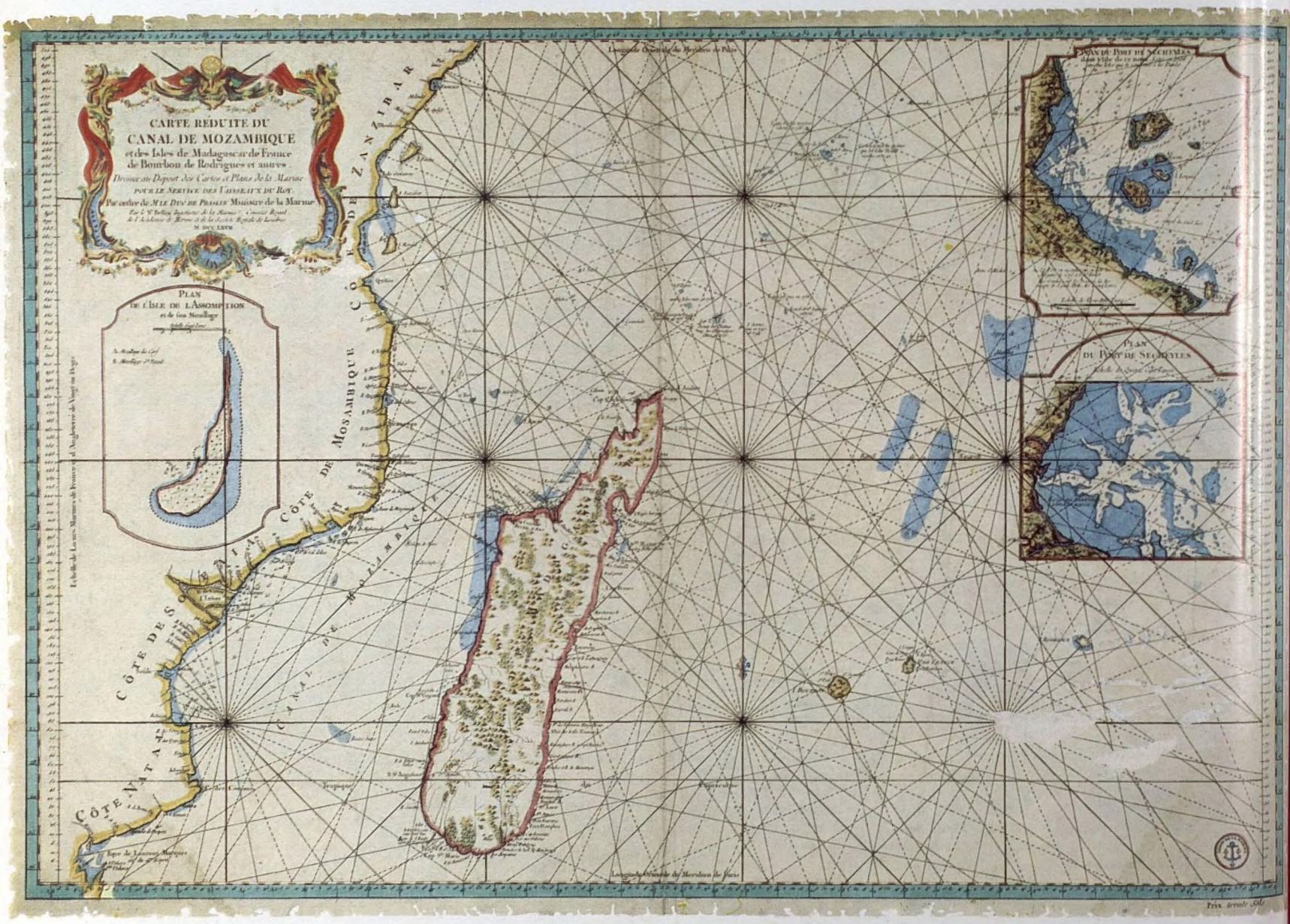

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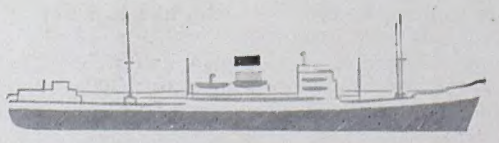

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